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THE WAR.

THE confident rumours of mediation to be arranged between Prince BISMARCK and Count ANDRASSY are succeeded by equally positive statements that no proposal of the kind was made at Salzburg. In such cases probability is a better guide than diplomatic gossip. Although it was difficult to withhold credence from reports which seemed to rest on good authority, it was thought strange that an intervention should be suggested which would at the present moment almost certainly fail. A German offer of mediation would have been made in the interest and probably at the request of Russia; and yet the Emperor ALEXANDER and his advisers must be aware that they could hope for no concessions on the part of Turkey; and they could scarcely make peace when they had obtained no apparent advantage either for Russia or for their clients in the Turkish provinces. It is probable that the Salzburg interview was suggested by reasons of courtesy, and that it had no considerable result. Circumstances have facilitated the expectant policy of Austria by adjourning the necessity of decision. The Emperor FRANCIS perhaps shares the leaning to Russia which is common among the absolutist party and the military aristocracy; but he must be well aware that his German subjects are jealous of the progress of Russia, and the Magyars of Hungary make no secret of their sympathy with the Turks. Meetings and speeches at Pesth may perhaps not greatly influence the Imperial policy; but the wishes of Hungary cannot be disregarded. It is easy and convenient to maintain neutrality while the Turks are fighting the battle of Austria as well as their own. The German Government is more cordially allied with Russia; but nothing has occurred to induce Prince BISMARCK to risk the life of his favourite Pomeranian recruit. The time has not arrived for the revival of diplomatic activity. It would be as useless to propose a compromise to the belligerents as to require them to submit their differences to arbitration. It is reported that the Austrian AMBASSADOR at Constantinople has lately urged the SULTAN to agree, when opportunity occurs, to terms of peace which may be acceptable to Russia. If the rumour is well founded, the Austrian communication may perhaps have been a result of the Salzburg interview; but the details of the statement suggest a suspicion that the statement is untrue. It is scarcely credible that Count ANDRASSY should in the present state of affairs dwell on the necessity of satisfying the *amour propre*, or, in other words, the wounded vanity, of Russia. It is still more improbable that he should instruct the AMBASSADOR to state that, if any serious disaster befel the Russian arms, Germany would intervene as a principal in the war. If Prince BISMARCK had resolved on a shameless act of violence, he would not publish his intentions through an Austrian channel. There is no doubt that the pretension of Russia to undertake a war of invasion with immunity from the consequences is supported by reckless English partisans. The holiest of wars, which began with the pretext of relieving oppressed Christians in Turkey, is to be continued, according to the admirers of Russia, for the purpose of consulting the dignity of the EMPEROR. Any still more immoral doctrine which might be devised in excuse of a sanguinary enterprise would be accepted with equal readiness by the professed advocates of universal peace. It is too probable that the German Government, which never affected philanthropic tenderness, may really sympathize with the disappointment of Russian hopes. But it will be prudent to

suspend belief in the statement that the lives of Pomeranian recruits and other German soldiers are to be sacrificed in vindication of the military reputation of Russia.

The Russians at last openly recognize the necessity or probability of a second year's campaign. Large preparations are made for the establishment of winter quarters either in Bulgaria or Roumania, or probably in both provinces. It may be conjectured that an unnecessary war would never have been commenced if the difficulty of the enterprise had been rightly appreciated; but, after the disasters of the summer and autumn, it is almost certain that future efforts will be made to retrieve the reputation of the Russian army. The Government will have grave financial difficulties to encounter; but it would be absurd to doubt that a great Empire can maintain a two years' war against an adversary far inferior in resources. Confident expectations of the ultimate success of the Turks may be checked by recollection of the analogous history of the American Civil War. For two years the Confederates repeatedly defeated the Northern armies, although the course of the war was not absolutely uniform. It was said that Mr. LINCOLN once declared that the Confederates must have a million of men in the field, because he found that with half that number his own troops were outnumbered in every battle. In the third year of the war the Southern armies began to display signs of exhaustion, while every successive levy increased the numerical superiority of the North. At the same time, a process of natural selection had brought to the front rank generals who had been unknown at the beginning of the war; and GRANT, SHERMAN, MEADE, and SHERIDAN, though perhaps none of them were equal to LEE, were capable of profiting by their great opportunities. It is not impossible that a second campaign in the East may, through the operation of the same causes, be followed by similar results. Russia is incomparably richer than Turkey, and far more populous; and there must, among thousands of officers, be some competent commanders. The cessation of active hostilities during the winter will facilitate changes which the EMPEROR may for personal reasons be unwilling to make in the presence of the enemy.

The fortune of war during the present campaign is still uncertain; but the latest considerable success on either side has been obtained by the Turks. It is now known, on the authority of a Russian official bulletin, that the great convoy which was despatched to Plevna has reached its destination. This event has produced great discouragement and discontent in the Russian army. Moreover, the cold and rain have already caused a great deal of sickness. OSMAN PASHA has both established his character as an able and resolute commander, and done invaluable service to his country. If it is true that SULEIMAN PASHA's almost treacherable obstinacy represents a Palace intrigue at Constantinople, the meanness and imbecility of the Government contrast strangely with the unsurpassed heroism of the people which is the same with the army. The thousands of men who have been uselessly sacrificed in the Shipka Pass would have insured the safety of Plevna. The story of a great Turkish victory in front of Biela is not creditable to the prudence of a Correspondent who hastily accepted a vague rumour as true. The more authentic narrative affords another illustration of the bravery of Turkish soldiers, and, until more detailed information is received, it would be premature to accuse the commanders of rashness. Up to the present time the movements of MEHMET ALI have been

slow and cautious; and it seems improbable that he would hastily attack positions which he has allowed the enemy ample time to fortify. The most brilliant of the many able writers who are as eye-witnesses recording from day to day the history of the war has lately published, with singular boldness, the conclusions which he has formed from his experience as a resident in the Russian camp and a spectator of the most important battles. His strong and unconcealed sympathy with the cause of Russia adds weight to his comments on the shortcomings of the army. In condemning the incapacity of the chief officers and of the general staff, he says that he has not spoken with a single officer who does not regard success as hopeless while the headquarter staff remains unchanged; and he predicts that half the army will be invalidated soon after the bad weather really sets in. A more significant statement is to the effect that the Russian troops were from the first inferior to their adversaries. If it is true that the Turks excel the Russians in drill, in discipline, and in tactics, much injustice must have been done to the regimental officers. One of the bravest races of the world may perhaps fight without skilled guidance, but fortifications are not designed and executed, nor are difficult manœuvres performed in the presence of an enemy, except under officers who have mastered the details of their profession. For the present it is expedient to suspend a decided judgment on the comparative aptitude for war of the two belligerents.

The Servians have, as might have been expected, suspended their proposed declaration of war until Russian victories render it safe to join in the holy enterprise. The prolonged neutrality of Greece may perhaps be explained by more complicated reasons. Mr. GLADSTONE has at last thought proper to contradict the statement that he had, in a letter to a merchant at Constantinople, urged the Greeks to declare war. His letter, it seems, contained no advice of the kind; and it was written, not since the commencement of the war, but during the sittings of the Conference. The inaccurate statement of which he now complains would have attracted less attention if Mr. GLADSTONE himself had not apparently confirmed it. He was not bound to notice the rumour, but when he mentioned it without contradiction it was reasonable to suppose that he admitted its accuracy. In his earlier letter he merely said that he had written nothing inconsistent with his paper published in the *Contemporary Review*; yet a letter written to a Greek during the war might have been culpably indiscreet although it contained only the opinions which had been unobjectionably expressed in an English periodical. It is odd that a master of clear oral exposition should be habitually ambiguous in print. The Greek correspondent contributed his share to the confusion by asserting that he had only shown Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to two or three persons, for the purpose of consulting them as to the meaning of certain phrases which were not perfectly intelligible to himself in consequence of his defective knowledge of English. It was not impossible that any letter of Mr. GLADSTONE's should contain obscure passages; but it now appears that the letter was written not in English, but in French. If an explanation was necessary, it might as well have been given some weeks ago.

#### M. THIERS'S ADDRESS.

IT is seldom that a man as old as M. THIERS was dies so absolutely in harness. The address which M. MIGNET has now published was to have received his last touches on the very day of his death. Another revision might have given it some additional felicities of expression, but could not have strengthened its general texture. M. THIERS was never more successful in attack or more dexterous in defence. Under his skilful hand the late Chamber of Deputies becomes a kind of Parliamentary *UNA*, too innocent and spotless for this rough world. Yet M. THIERS was too cunning an artist not to have a foundation in nature for every charm that he put upon his canvas. If it were possible for critics of the type of M. DE BROGLIE or M. DE FOURTIER to be just towards opponents, they might remember that, if the dissolved Chamber was more Radical than they liked, it was infinitely less Radical than it might fairly have been expected to be. When the elections of last year went so decidedly in favour of the Republican party, there was real room for uneasiness as to the use they might make of their victory. M. THIERS knew the advantages

of contrast too well to let this circumstance go unimproved. He sets out at full length all the foolish things that the late Chamber might have done, and owns with engaging candour that he himself thought it very likely that it would do them. He was not easy, he says, as to finance, as to the army, as to the relations between Church and State, as to the attitude of the Chamber towards the Senate, as to the extent to which it might interfere in foreign affairs. By a happy coincidence the points on which the conduct of the Chamber completely reassured M. THIERS are precisely the points about which Marshal MACMAHON declared himself so alarmed that he could not allow the Chamber to sit out the Session. The dissolution was resolved on because the MARSHAL thought it needful to interpose some barrier to the progress of revolutionary ideas. In no other way could he prevent the Radicals from upsetting the taxation of the country, the organization of the army, the temporal fabric of the Church, the harmonious working of the co-ordinate branches of the Legislature, the good esteem in which France is held among foreign Governments. The fears which tormented the MARSHAL at the end of the late Chamber's life are those which made M. THIERS uncomfortable when it was just beginning life. The difference between the two cases is that M. THIERS could grow wiser under the teaching of experience, whereas when an idea has once found its way into the MARSHAL's brain there is no possibility of dislodging it. If Marshal MACMAHON had dissolved the Chamber before it had begun its labours, it would have been a sensible and statesmanlike measure compared with the one he has actually taken. In the first instance, there was at least reason to fear that the Chamber might go wrong upon some or all of these points; whereas by the time that the dissolution had been determined on, the proceedings of the Chamber had shown that all alarms of the kind were absolutely baseless. These Radical deputies rejected an income-tax, they kept the five years' term of service for the army, they raised the salaries of the clergy, they agreed to the amendments of the Senate in the Budget, they remained severely silent about foreign affairs. If they had known beforehand the charges which the MARSHAL was going to bring against them, they could not have disproved them more completely. They took his terrors one by one, and showed that they were the mere creations of his fancy. Unfortunately the MARSHAL, having once persuaded himself that the country is in danger from the Chamber, cannot be got to see that, in truth, it is in danger only from himself. It did not matter what the deputies did; every step was set down as Radical before it was taken.

When M. THIERS has disposed of the dissolution, he finds an equally productive field for censure in the measures which have followed the dissolution. The position of the authors of the 16th of May was technically a sound one. They asserted that the late Chamber did not fairly represent France, and that they had accordingly convoked the electors in order that the nation might make its will known. Under these circumstances two things were especially necessary—first, that this expression of the national will should be arrived at promptly; secondly, that it should, so far as was possible, be both a free and an intelligent expression. How far, asks M. THIERS, has the action of the Government fulfilled these requirements? Ordinarily speaking, an interval of twenty or thirty days between the dissolution and the elections has been thought sufficient, and once only were so many as sixty days interposed. Marshal MACMAHON's Government has taken the extreme period of three months, and by a more than doubtful interpretation of the law has contrived to lengthen even this already prolonged term. In spite of their professed anxiety to know what the country thought of the late Chamber, they have put off making the discovery to the latest possible date. When the nation is about to be consulted, it seems only decent that no barrier should be set up in the way of its hearing what there is to be said on all sides about the issue submitted to it. The desire of Marshal MACMAHON's Government has been to restrict the free circulation of thought at every point. The sale of newspapers is stopped so far as the Administration has the power of stopping it, and every precaution is taken to ensure that the electors shall hear nothing except the Ministerial view of the situation. Even with all these precautions the Cabinet does not pretend to trust the electors. It contemplates the possible return of a hostile Chamber, and allows its organs to announce that in that case fresh dissolutions will be resorted to until 1880 releases the MARSHAL from his obligations to the



existing Constitution. It is true the Constitution does not forbid these repeated dissolutions, for the very sufficient reason that it never contemplated a Government being so mad as to resort to them. And even if the Constitution did forbid them, what would this matter to men who are prepared to collect taxes which have only been voted by the Senate, or which have never been voted at all? No one would have dared to suggest this under M. POLIGNAC, or under NAPOLEON III. What was held impossible under absolute Monarchies is treated as possible and even easy under a nominal Republic. Marshal MACMAHON has degraded France to a constitutional level below that of the Turks. Even at Constantinople elementary principles of constitutional government are not denied in set terms. There is only one crime that the MARSHAL and his advisers have not committed, the crime of proclaiming a state of siege, and summoning the electors to vote under the jurisdiction of councils of war; and even this has been urged upon the Government by its friends and supporters.

M. THIERS never spoke more wisely than in the passionate warning he gives to all true Conservatives not to be led away by the fatal notion that France is perishing and needs to be saved. Again and again he reminds them this has been said; and again and again it is not France that has perished, but those who have pretended to save her. CHARLES X. thought that she was perishing, but it was only his own throne that fell. LOUIS PHILIPPE thought that France would perish if thirty or forty thousand more of his subjects were admitted to the electorate; but it was only constitutional royalty that his resistance overthrew. NAPOLEON III. plunged France into war in order to save her from perishing of too much liberty in peace; and, again, all that perished was the Napoleonic dynasty. Is it worth while to make another experiment? Three times since the Revolution Monarchy has been set up in France, and three times it has fallen. Is it not the part of a true Conservative to abandon the hopeless effort, and to build up that Conservative Republic which would have been consolidated by this time if the heirs of the extinct Monarchies had not come to trouble the public mind with their senseless and criminal threats? M. THIERS states the legal alternative that lies before the MARSHAL quite as plainly as M. GAMBETTA. When the elections have been held, the issue between the PRESIDENT and the late Chamber will have been decided, and resistance to the will of the nation will be resistance to the Constitution. Such resistance would be an act of usurpation on the part of the PRESIDENT, and would be properly dealt with by impeachment. This argument would have received additional force if M. THIERS had lived to lead the Opposition in the character of an Opposition candidate for Marshal MACMAHON's office; but even as it is, it is difficult to believe that it will not have very great weight with the nation to whom it is addressed.

#### THE TRADES-UNION CONGRESS.

THE Trades-Union Congress at Leicester has pursued soberly and steadily its main object of promoting the interests of the working class, for the most part against employers, and indirectly against consumers or general society. It has been truly stated that outrages of the worst kind have become much rarer than in former times, though not by reason of any effort on the part of the Unions. Perhaps the workmen have been in some degree conciliated by the liberal provisions of modern legislation; but it is not too much to say that the promoters of Trade-Unions are not opposed on principle to the coercion of dissidents. One of the earliest proceedings of the Congress consisted in the adoption of a vote of sympathy for a workman who was lately convicted of intimidation. It was of course suggested that the conviction was not in accordance with the evidence; but it has long been the wholesome English practice to acquiesce in the decisions of the proper tribunals on the guilt or innocence of accused persons; and it may be confidently assumed that the Congress intended to express approval of the very act which was held by a court of justice to be a violation of the law. If no intimidation had been practised or attempted, the object of sympathy would not have established a claim either to praise or to censure. It is notorious that men on strike approach as nearly as possible to the limits which have been defined by the law. When they transgress the boundary, although they become liable to legal penalties, they may confidently

rely on the approval of their associates. The Congress was more legitimately occupied in proposing that employers should be made civilly liable for the injuries inflicted on one workman by the negligence of another. The question is not free from difficulty, and it will be well if some compromise between conflicting interests can be devised. Where the injury can be traced to defective machinery or appliances, or even to the appointment of incompetent agents, it seems fair that the master should be responsible. The contention of the workmen for a change in the general law is weakened by the close combination which it is the object of the Congress to strengthen and perpetuate. The Unions exercise in many cases a powerful influence in the selection of workmen; and the care which is exercised in preventing accidents will not be increased by the knowledge that the master, who is regarded as a stranger, if not as an adversary, will be a chief sufferer by negligence. The workman mentioned by Sir EDMUND BECKETT, who was not paid to think, would probably also hold that he was not paid to trouble himself about the lives or limbs of his associates, or about the purse of his employer.

The most interesting part of the deliberations to strangers, if not to the members of the Congress, was the thoughtful Essay of Mr. BRASSEY on the relations between capital and labour. It was creditable to the managers of the Congress that they should invite an impartial adviser to address them; if, indeed, Mr. BRASSEY, though he is not himself engaged in business, might not have been suspected of sharing the prejudices of employers. In return for the compliment Mr. BRASSEY could not, with good taste or with due courtesy, have spoken strongly against the theory or practice of his audience. He wisely declined to discuss the utility of Trade-Unions, which, whether they are beneficial or injurious to the community, both exist and exercise considerable powers. Moral disapprobation of trade combinations would be useless even if it had not become obsolete. If a man has a right to insist on favourable conditions before he agrees to serve an employer, it follows that he is entitled to combine with others for the more effectual attainment of his object. The economic advantage to the workmen is still open to discussion; but those who arrive at a conclusion adverse to the system have no power to interfere with the liberty of combination. Large bodies of workmen are convinced of the utility of Unions; and they naturally act on their convictions. In this, as in some other cases, might is equivalent to right. The advocates of the system habitually abstain from noticing the many instances in which combined workmen have succeeded in destroying the industry on which they depend. The strike of some years ago drove the business of shipbuilding from the Thames, and there is some reason to fear that the strike and the consequent lock-out may have the same result on the Clyde. It is nevertheless necessary to guard against the natural prejudice which affects consumers who are neither employers nor workmen. To the whole community Trade-Unions are practically, and sometimes deliberately, both hostile and injurious.

Mr. BRASSEY probably gratified the members of the Congress by his statistical proofs that high wages are not in themselves incompatible with cheap production. The export of English manufactures is greatly larger than that of any other European country, although the rate of wages is higher in England than on the Continent. Again, American workmen, though their wages are still higher, work longer hours, and in some instances produce more than English artisans. Rapid changes in the rate of wages seem to produce injurious consequences in all industrial districts. Mr. BRASSEY referred to the case of a manufacturing town in Saxony, where a few years ago wages were suddenly doubled, while the cost of living increased in nearly the same proportion. When the reaction arrived, wages were necessarily reduced, but the price of food was maintained; and a foreign visitor found that a resort to the use of horseflesh had been a relief to the population. The inflation of trade in England three or four years ago undoubtedly impaired both the quantity and the quality of work. Men who could earn in three days the amount which had before represented the labour of a week were tempted to idleness, and in some cases to extravagance; but it is useless to deprecate inconveniences which will under the same conditions almost certainly recur. It is not less probable that capitalists will equally fail to profit by the warning of recent experience. Mr. BRASSEY attri-

butes the stagnation of trade principally to the glut which was produced by the reckless investments in branches of industry which had been found temporarily lucrative. At the same time he reminded the Congress that the rate of income derived from railways and similar undertakings showed that trade profits were at present extremely low. He pointed out the danger of driving capital abroad to countries where the ordinary rate of interest and profit was higher by a third or a half. The whole address well deserves careful study, nor can it be appreciated by the aid of abridgment or of extracts.

It would be invidious and unjust to examine whether the doctrines of English Trade Unions have any common element with the destructive projects of the Congress of Ghent. In England, if not in other countries, publicity imposes a salutary check on the avowal of revolutionary and anarchical opinions. The intelligent artisans assembled at Leicester have also a certain self-respect which inclines them to express even questionable theories in plausible language. Irish workmen of the lowest class are perhaps simpler and more faithful interpreters of the great principle of the selfishness of labour. The men employed on the maintenance of the permanent way of the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland have lately struck, not only for wages, but for the dismissal of a few Englishmen employed on the line. The mutineers have never heard of the pact of solidarity; and they would understand the phrase even less than the rest of the world. It is possible that fugitives from American justice may have suggested the introduction into Ireland of the blessings which the railway riots have conferred on the people of the United States. A fortnight ago the milesmen and gangers employed on the permanent way left their work without previous notice or complaint of any grievance. A deputation of their number demanded of the Board of Directors a large increase of wages, a diminution of time, full payment during the time of strike, and the dismissal of four Englishmen named in the document. A note was appended that—"We the undersigned is not authorized to make any further concessions." The malcontents have since habitually paraded along the line, and entered the carriages forcibly and travelled without payment. The Company has thought it prudent to discontinue the night passenger traffic; and the public safety and convenience are sacrificed to the caprice of a handful of ruffians. It is discreditable to the Government and police authorities of Ireland that order has not by this time been forcibly re-established. Even the PARNELLS and BIGGARS of a higher rank could scarcely deny that the milesmen pursue a policy of obstruction. The demand that Englishmen shall not be employed in Ireland, while hundreds of thousands of Irishmen compete in England with native workmen, is characteristically impudent. Notwithstanding the fine phrases of Socialist orators, the pact of solidarity will not be observed when anything is to be got by disregarding its provisions.

#### FRENCH BACKSLIDERS.

IT is impossible to watch the tactics of Marshal MACMAHON's Government without feeling a very genuine regret at the voluntary humiliation of men who once promised better things. In so far as his advisers are composed of Imperialists or Legitimists, there is no need to be surprised at anything it may please him to do. The MARSHAL is honestly uncomfortable at what he imagines to be the growth of Radicalism in the country; and both classes of conspirators play upon his fears in the hope of somehow turning them to the account of the special objects they have at heart. Politicians of this type cannot be accused of holding that the end justifies the means, because their creed is that in dealing with Republicans no means can need justification. All is fair in war, and Bonapartists and Legitimists alike regard themselves as waging an endless conflict against the existing institutions of France. But the MARSHAL's Cabinet includes men of another order altogether—men who once had, or seemed to have, some regard for constitutional liberty; men who have suffered under former Governments the very same indignities which they are now inflicting on others. The Duke of BROGLIE is an old adversary of the Empire. When NAPOLEON III. was on the throne, he was a conspicuous member of the constitutional Opposition. He defended freedom of speech and freedom of election

against the very measures which are now being taken by his authority against the Republicans. He cannot have wholly forgotten the days when the publication of a pamphlet or an article by M. ALBERT DE BROGLIE was an event in the continuous conflict which raged between the Empire and the Liberal party. In those days the Duke of BROGLIE held that France could be trusted to govern herself. He had not at that time learnt that circumstances alter cases, and that what was an act of petty despotism when done by an Imperialist Government to M. ALBERT DE BROGLIE is perfectly legitimate when done by the Duke of BROGLIE to the Republicans. There is something melancholy in this falling away when in power from the principles professed, and we doubt not honestly professed, when in opposition. It is a common fault among politicians; but it is hard to recall any instance of it so glaring as that of the Duke of BROGLIE. He is the typical offender in matters of this kind, the man between whose present and former selves there is the most inexplicable contrast. Some day or other perhaps the world will learn from the Duke of BROGLIE's memoirs, not indeed the real explanation of his inconsistency, but the explanation which he gives to himself of it. He has the makings in him of a good special pleader; and he probably finds ample exercise for the talent in persuading himself that he holds the same principles to-day that he held twenty years ago. Those who have watched him at both periods may be pardoned if they can see no resemblance between the Duke as he is now and the Duke as he was then.

The Bishop of ORLEANS is another example of the same departure from principles once strongly held and loudly preached. Mgr. DUPANLOUP was the intimate friend of M. DE MONTALEMBERT, and was supposed to share his political views. All parties of course may claim the hypothetical support of a man who is no longer alive to support anybody; but unless M. DE MONTALEMBERT had undergone some startling change from what he was down to the moment of his death, Marshal MACMAHON would have had no more ardent opponent. M. DE MONTALEMBERT could believe that liberty would be justified of her children, even when the offspring seemed least likely to answer to his faith in them. If the Bishop of ORLEANS ever possessed this faculty, he has utterly lost it. He has painted an imaginary Radical party, and then recoiled in terror from the creation of his own pencil. He has lately published a letter in answer to certain questions addressed to him with regard to the approaching elections, which would have been in place if it had been written under the Reign of Terror. It is one thing to admit that there are elements of danger in Republican ascendancy, and that, if anything serious comes of them, it will be the Church and religion which will suffer first; and another thing to speak as though he and his clergy were awaiting the order to go out to martyrdom. In the beginning of this letter there are some very sensible remarks upon the practice of abstention from voting which is so common among French Conservatives. In condemning this policy or want of policy we quite go along with the Bishop of ORLEANS. We are decidedly of opinion that it would be better for every French elector to take an honest part in the coming elections, even if the result were favourable to a bad government, than for half the nation to keep away from the polling booth, even if the result were favourable to an Opposition which, as regards the particular issue raised, is completely in the right. The present Administration, unconstitutional as it is in its origin and in its practice, would become constitutional from this unexampled manifestation of the national will. When, however, the BISHOP gives his reasons for thus imploring every French elector to register his vote on the 14th of October, he passes out of the political region. In the return of the 363 he sees, not a decisive rebuke administered to a President who has forgotten the functions assigned him by the Constitution, but a final surrender of the French nation into the hands of men who are bent on leading it to ruin. He does not confine his appeal to men of his own faith. To realize the necessity of voting for the Conservative candidates it is not necessary, he says, for a man to believe in God or in a future life; it is enough that he believes in his field, in his vine, in his hearth, in his wife, in his children, in his daily bread, in his pot on the fire. To all appearance, the BISHOP is firmly convinced that, if the constituencies disapprove of the summary manner in which their representatives have been sent to the right about, and mark that disapprobation by sending them back to Versailles, the



foundations, not of religion only, but of society, will be broken up. It is a startling proof of the height to which party passion carries men in France that the most distinguished member of the Episcopate and one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics in Europe should have persuaded himself into such a conviction as this. What is there in the proceedings of the late Chamber or in the characters of the majority with which Marshal MACMAHON has quarrelled to suggest any such ideas? If the BISHOP were calling upon his countrymen to resist an unprovoked German invasion, he could not use more beseeching language than he uses to bring them to the poll to vote against the Liberal majority in the late Chamber. Words will cease to have any meaning if they are used in this random fashion. The BISHOP's character for sincerity may be saved by the circumstance that he is the dupe of his own exaggeration; but it is an evil omen for French Conservatism that those who ought to lead and guide it thus give the rein to their fanatical fancies.

It is less surprising that the Committee of the Right should make accusations of this kind because they have been trained to believe that every man who is not a Legitimist, or ready for some reason or other to make common cause with the Legitimists, only needs an opportunity to show himself as revolutionary as any member of the Commune. The Right do not trouble themselves with any distinctions. They apply the same titles to M. THIERS and M. ROCHEFORT. The address to the electors which their Committee has issued states as an undoubted fact that the overthrow of Marshal MACMAHON's Government would involve the ruin of all social forces, the disorganization of the magistracy and the army, and the establishment of progressive taxation. It would mean "society without religion, the Church without priests, the school without God." This is seriously put forward as a matter-of-fact description of the results which may be looked for from the return of a majority which in the late Chamber increased the pay of the clergy, made no change in the system of taxation or in the organization of the army, and acquiesced in the decision of the Senate to keep the relations of the State and the University what the National Assembly had made them. There is only one cheerful augury to be drawn from the frantic efforts of the Government to secure the defeat of the 363, or from these equally frantic pictures of the disasters which will follow upon their victory. It looks as though those who have the best claim to know the intentions of the MARSHAL put no great trust in his determination to stay where he is in the event of the election proving adverse. If it were really a matter of no moment what answer the constituencies give to the MARSHAL's appeal, there would hardly be such ungovernable eagerness to terrify them into giving a favourable answer.

#### PRESIDENT HAYES IN THE SOUTH.

THE reception of Mr. HAYES in the Southern States augurs well for the final obliteration of the hostile feelings which survived the war. The enthusiasm which has been aroused by the PRESIDENT's visit would have been less significant if he had belonged to the Democratic party. Mr. TILDEN, but for the frauds which rendered his majority ineffective, would probably, like his fortunate rival, have been at this time engaged in a Southern official tour. His policy would have been the same with that of Mr. HAYES; but he would have been welcomed in the South as the representative of a party, and not merely as the head of the Government. The exchange of courtesies between the actual PRESIDENT and the State authorities involves the recognition of national unity even when the highest post is occupied by a Republican. Since his accession to office, Mr. HAYES has, in opposition to several leading members of his party, avowed his conviction that it was no longer necessary to maintain order in the South by military force. It happens that he owes his election to the obstinate maintenance by his predecessor of an opposite course of conduct; but he is perfectly right in disregarding any personal advantage which he may have derived from an exceptional method of administration. Since the end of the Presidential contest nothing has been heard of the outrages which were invented or exaggerated for the purposes of the election. In some of his speeches Mr. HAYES has referred to the demand for protection of the negroes against their enemies, with the expression of his

belief that, as they have no enemies, they no longer need official protection. There can be no doubt that the North would bitterly resent any attempt to deprive the coloured race either of personal liberty or even of the political power which was perhaps prematurely conceded; but no external interference could be either desirable or practically efficient. The public declaration that they are in no danger of oppression will tend to secure them good treatment.

Although instances of lawless violence may still occasionally occur, order is never seriously endangered in America when it is supported by public opinion. The respectable part of all Southern communities will now regard outrages on negroes as ordinary and disgraceful crimes. As long as negroes, or Northern adventurers who manipulated the votes of the negroes, directed the State Governments, irregular assertions of the power of the superior race were to a certain extent tolerated. It was always evident to distant observers that the natural order of society would, either by influence or by force, be ultimately restored. It was perhaps fortunate that the Republican Governments, supported in some instances by Federal troops, caricatured the corruption and misgovernment of their political allies in the North. The reaction was early, and on the whole peaceable, in proportion to the incapacity and dishonesty of the temporary rulers. By the end of last year all but two or three Southern States had emancipated themselves from the black or white Governors and Assemblies who had caused intolerable irritation as well as practical oppression. The superior race once more exercises political power, and society is consequently in a position of stable equilibrium. The resumption of legitimate authority was in every instance effected by constitutional means. Even in South Carolina, where a fraudulent Returning Board falsified the choice of Presidential electors, the Democratic Government was elected by a majority. The scandals which have long disgraced Louisiana will not be revived, since the PRESIDENT has announced his determination not to interfere in State elections. It is not surprising that the veteran managers of the Republican party at Washington view with distaste a change which will at the next Presidential election insure the support of the entire South to the Democratic nominee; yet it is scarcely worth their while to cling to the precarious ascendancy which they have hitherto exercised in two or three States. The PRESIDENT, who, unless he desires re-election, has nothing to gain by the triumph of his party, probably hopes, with or without sufficient ground, that equitable treatment may conciliate the South. If political habit were not stronger than logical argument, there is no reason why Southern politicians should not support a Government which respects their interests and rights; but in all countries the redistribution of parties is difficult, and it is nowhere more rarely accomplished than in the United States.

If the policy of the PRESIDENT proves to be successful, as it is apparently prudent, it must not be assumed that his immediate predecessors and the Republican party could have greatly accelerated the re-establishment of harmony between the North and the South. Beneficial political changes are, like scientific discoveries, almost always natural results of time as well as of wisdom. It was inevitable that for some years after the war the victorious party should distrust the loyalty which indeed was not commonly professed by the defeated Confederates. The emancipation of the slaves was regarded on all sides as the natural consequence of the war and of the defeat of the South. The quarrel, though it involved many issues, would never have led to a rupture but for the existence of an institution which was incessantly threatened from without, and which was jealously guarded by the slave-holding community. When slavery was abolished, scarcely a protest was uttered; but the admission of the negroes to a share in political life was resented as an abuse of power. The first effects of the hazardous experiment justified the repugnance which it had excited; for the new and ignorant constituencies transferred the control of the States to demagogues who fortunately were addicted rather to extravagant corruption than to revolutionary violence. At the same time the best and most capable citizens were temporarily disfranchised, because, in conformity with American tradition, they had preferred their allegiance to their respective States to their secondary duty to the Union. The so-called rebels were in the majority of cases victims of their own self-sacrificing loyalty; but it was not surprising that the conquerors

should consider that the ordeal of battle had established their legal right as well as their material superiority. To the credit of the national character it must be remembered that the North, notwithstanding the frequent use of violent language, made a thoroughly generous use of victory. No captured enemy perished for political reasons on the scaffold; and the Confederate leaders, though their civil rights were for a time suspended, were, with one exception, not personally molested. The opportunity by which Mr. HAYES now judiciously profits is the fruit of the wise moderation and liberality exhibited after the close of the war.

It was impossible that the traces of the struggle should be obliterated as long as the coloured voters, under the guidance of Northern immigrants, retained an artificial and unnatural predominance in any of the Southern States. Since due subordination has been practically and finally established, there seems to be no reason for a continuance of the ancient feud. Many of the combatants on both sides have died or retired from active life; and, even if no amnesty had been granted, the majority of the Southern population must be innocent even of the technical guilt of rebellion. One of the greatest dangers which at present threaten the existing tranquillity is the indulgence by the ruling party of a disposition to vengeance which may perhaps not be wholly unprovoked. It is said that in South Carolina scores of prosecutions are pending against former State functionaries for official delinquencies, including, in the majority of cases, charges of pecuniary corruption. It is not improbable that many of the accusations may be well founded; but it would be prudent to allow an anomalous condition of affairs to pass as soon as possible into oblivion. Legal proceedings and the infliction of punishment for administrative misconduct will be universally attributed to political motives. Detected criminals will be regarded as martyrs by their own partisans, and a quarrel which might otherwise wear out will be indefinitely prolonged. Mr. WADE HAMPTON, who has taken an active share even beyond the limits of his own State in the welcome which has been accorded to the PRESIDENT by the South, will most suitably acknowledge the fairness with which he has himself been treated by discouraging all political prosecutions in South Carolina. His party might even feel a kind of paradoxical gratitude to the opponents who justified by their misconduct denunciations of the unfitness of the coloured community for government. The drunken helot of tradition is not recorded as having suffered punishment because he had, at the bidding of his masters, illustrated the degradation of his race. If the PRESIDENT attains the object of his policy and of his visit to the South, the political temperament of the American nation will once more have proved its extraordinary recuperative power.

#### THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE London School Board comes in, on the whole, for more than its fair share of censure. It says so many foolish things that the wise things which it does are often forgotten. This is in part owing to the unfortunate publicity of its meetings. If it had followed the example of Liverpool, and taken the larger part of its business in Committee of the whole Board, this disadvantage would have been avoided. From Committee meetings reporters are excluded, and with them departs the chief temptation to make long speeches. The profitless debates which fill up the Wednesday afternoons, and give so much occasion to the enemy to laugh, would have been reduced to a quarterly, or at worst monthly, parade, and the business element in the Board would have been strengthened at the expense of the oratorical. Less would have been heard of spelling reform and of the Society of the Holy Cross, and the real progress which has been made towards giving the London poor a useful education would have proportionately increased.

If every member of the Board spoke as much to the purpose as the Chairman, no one need grudge them their too frequent opportunities of making their voices heard. Sir CHARLES REED's address on Wednesday is a straightforward and business-like narrative of the work of the Board during the year 1876-77. In 1871 it was estimated that London contained 574,693 children in need of elementary education, and only 202,259 efficient school places. Since then this amount of accommodation has been about

doubled. The voluntary schools now have provision for 284,744 children, while the School Board schools existing or projected give accommodation to 220,549 more. This latter figure is very much in excess of the number of places originally contemplated by the School Board, and the increase will no doubt be used by some of the more extreme advocates of the voluntary system to show that the Board has exceeded its proper functions by entering into competition with denominational schools. To this objection there is more than one answer. It would be enough to point out that the number of school places is still considerably under the number of children needing elementary education in 1871. But the figures of six years back no longer represent the facts. From 7,000 to 8,000 children are annually added to the population of London, so that the 574,000 children for whom school places had to be found in 1871 have grown by 1877 into something like 620,000. Between this number and the 500,000 or so for whom places have actually been found the discrepancy is large enough to silence the most ardent assailant of what is called the School Board policy. Besides this, many inefficient schools have been closed, and many schools transferred to the Board, with buildings essentially unsuited to the purpose for which they had been used. In both these ways the amount of nominal school accommodation has been reduced. There is also, Sir CHARLES REED says, a constant migration of families towards the suburbs, which makes it necessary at times to provide school accommodation twice over. The enemies of the Board may congratulate themselves, however, that they have been able in several instances to put their foe to needless expense. Had all the new schools been built according to the original plans, a large outlay would have been saved. Unfortunately several of them had to be reduced at the instance of managers of neighbouring schools. That the Board had not overestimated the amount of accommodation needed is shown by the fact that it has since been found necessary to enlarge them.

It is surprising to find that no difficulty has yet arisen from the mixture of classes in the Board schools. Sir CHARLES REED says that there are many cases where street arabs sit side by side with the children of industrious artisans. This is directly contrary to the expectations entertained by those who were best acquainted with the artisan class; and, before accepting it as universally true, it would be well to know something of the statistics of private adventure schools. The superior "gentility" of these schools has often outweighed their higher cost in the estimation of parents, and it may prove that they supply a safety-valve through which the dissatisfaction of decent fathers and mothers at seeing their children associated with street arabs at present escapes. It is not by any means a satisfactory safety-valve, because the instruction given in these private adventure schools is usually very inferior to that given by a good certificated teacher. This is one of the fields in which voluntary schools may hereafter find an additional reason for continuing to exist. The Board has to some extent provided for the children of the better class of artisans by opening schools at which the weekly fee is sixpence. The more general figure is twopenny, and there are a large number of schools in which only a penny is charged. One of the most interesting parts of Sir CHARLES REED's address is that relating to compulsory attendance. As regards regularity of attendance, there has been a decided improvement. During the quarter ending last June the Board schools had 164,214 children on the rolls, and the average daily attendance was eighty per cent. In 1875 the percentage was 76, and in 1873 it was only 61. To have reduced the percentage of irregularity by nearly one half is a very decided advance. It does not, however, exhaust the anticipated gain, as Sir CHARLES REED is of opinion that, except under peculiarly unfavourable circumstances, 95 per cent. of the children on the roll ought to be in average daily attendance. "The difficulty hitherto," he says, "has been in the want of schools conveniently placed, and in a lack of choice offered to parents, rather than in any persistent opposition or inability to pay." In the last half of 1876, 24,000 children were sent to school in obedience to 30,000 cautions given to the parents, while 17,000 children came to school in obedience to 20,000 notices to parents to appear before the Divisional Committee and justify the absence of their children. In 3,492 cases the magistrate imposed a small fine, and in only six instances was the case dismissed. There has been a corresponding improvement in punctuality of attendance. Two



years ago one child in 142 came to school too late to be marked in the register. In 1877 only one child in 315 has come too late. One of the most valuable improvements which Sir CHARLES REED has to record is in the management of infant schools. The "sudden influx of" "multitudes of little children accustomed to an idle life upon" "the door-step and intolerance of anything like discipline" "or control" has necessarily kept back progress in this department.

The scholarships founded by private munificence have enabled the Board to do something towards bridging the vast interval between primary and secondary education. Thirty-nine of these have now been awarded. Of twelve boys who have thus been enabled to go to the City of London School, all are doing well, and the boy who took the first scholarship has just completed his term of four years, has obtained the gold medal for good conduct, and a valuable foundation scholarship, and has become captain of the school at an earlier age than any boy before him. The list of the occupations of the fathers of the children who have gained scholarships is interesting, as showing that the benefit is being really reaped by the class for which it was intended. It includes carpenters, shipwrights, silk-weavers, house-painters, labourers in oakum works, waiters, packers, bootmakers, and drapers' assistants. Without a sound elementary education to begin with, and the aid of these scholarships afterwards, none of these boys could have had the advantage of going to a good middle-class school. The School Board can provide the first condition, but it must rest with private benefactors to provide the second. At present only nine out of the thirty-nine are permanent, the rest being for single terms of three or four years; so that, though twelve have been awarded in 1877, only three remain for 1878. There can scarcely be a more profitable way of spending money on education than adding to the number of these scholarships.

The outlying work of the Board has included the management of one industrial school and the distribution of 3,697 children among denominational schools of the same character. A new school is about to be opened by the Board, to which will be sent incorrigible truants and boys beyond control. The selection of children to be sent to this school will have to be conducted with great caution. On the one hand, it is plainly desirable that the discipline of an ordinary Board school and the characters of the children attending it should not be endangered by the presence of children who would be expelled from any well-conducted voluntary school, and are only retained because the School Board cannot divest itself of the duty of educating them. On the other hand, there is a class of parents who, in the prospect of getting rid of their children, may rather tempt them to play the part of incorrigible truants and boys beyond control. The school must possess a sufficiently penal character to indispose children to qualify themselves for admission to it; and, so far as is possible, the demand on the parents' purse should be higher than in the case of an ordinary school. It is the more necessary to provide against the contingency of having to deal with boys who are not amenable to ordinary school discipline, because, through the instrumentality of the School Board, every gang of thieves known to the police has been broken up, and school accommodation of some sort has to be found for the members of these extinct organizations. It is better for Londoners to put their hands into their pockets than to have them picked, and this reflection may serve to console them under the disagreeable necessity of paying an education rate of 54d. in the pound.

#### NAVAL ENGINEERS.

THERE can be no doubt that at the present day the weak point of the navy is in its engineering duties. Even now the long series of accidents and breakdowns of machinery is still kept up. The other week there was the case of the *Shannon*, involving costly repairs, and delaying her departure; and two other mishaps of a similar kind have just occurred. It is stated in the *Times* of September 18 that the cost of repairing the broken bed-plate and replacing the defective or broken holding-down bolts of the *Sirius* is estimated at 2,525*l.*; and that "the whole of the damage to her engines is" "proved to have arisen through inattention." This ship, which is to relieve the *Dryad* on the North American and

West Indian stations, will therefore not be ready for sea for some weeks to come. In the other case, that of the *Euryalus*, there has been an explosion, through the bursting of one of the steam-pipes, during a contractors' preliminary trial; and it appears from a paragraph in the *Daily News* that, the engines not having been taken over from the contractors, no loss will fall on the Admiralty, "the only inconvenience" "being the delay which will occur in the completion of" "the vessel in readiness for being commissioned"; but this is surely something more than an inconvenience, especially at such a time as the present. The same journal states that the cost of the repairs and new crank shaft of the *Himalaya*, troopship, amounted to about 3,000*l.* With such accidents constantly happening, it is satisfactory to observe that the new FIRST LORD has lost no time in giving his attention to this subject, and that he evidently understands the necessity of preventing their recurrence by placing checks on the carelessness or incompetence of the officials who are responsible for them. Within a few days, as we learn from the *Times*, two orders dealing with this matter have been issued by the Admiralty. In the first it is laid down that:—"In order that they may have a competent knowledge of" "the details of the ships in their charge, the Lords of the" "Admiralty have directed that all Chief Engineers and Engineers shall pass an examination before the Captain of" "the Steam Reserve, assisted by his Chief Inspector of" "Machinery or other efficient officer, with reference to" "such matters as valves, cocks, water-tight doors, sluices, the floating and ventilating apparatus, pumping arrangements," &c. The other order also arises from the recent breakdowns which have occurred to the machinery of the *Sirius*, *Tourmaline*, *Flamingo*, *Condor*, and other ships, after having been sent to their stations; and it is to the effect that each new ship should have a preliminary cruise before being accepted as fit for continuous service afloat. Thus the *Shannon* has been sent on a fortnight's cruise off the west coast of Ireland, before being despatched to the Mediterranean; and the *Penguin* and *Wild Swan* are also to undergo a similar trial in the Channel. It will be remembered that at the Coroner's inquest on the blowing up of the *Thunderer*, the Captain of the Steam Reserve, in giving evidence, said that when the Admiralty put any work in the hands of the firm who built that ship they knew they were perfectly safe. The catastrophe which had happened certainly did not confirm this sanguine view; and we are glad to see that the present head of the navy thinks it desirable to place some limit to such blind confidence in contractors, however respectable, and that we may now expect a more cautious and careful supervision on the part of the Dockyard officers.

There is another question, however, which has a direct and important bearing on the efficiency of the engineering branch of the service, and which has not yet been satisfactorily dealt with; and that is the position of the Engineer officers and Inspectors of Machinery. In 1875 a Committee was appointed to consider the best means of securing the highest mechanical skill and scientific knowledge in the management of the various engines in ships of war; and its Report was published in the beginning of this year, and discussed in Parliament. The Committee state that they have gone into the subject with a full sense of its importance, and that no arguments are needful to prove that the efficiency of our fleet is becoming daily intimately connected with the care and management of the steam machinery in ships of war. The strength of that machinery has increased from 155,000 indicated horse-power in 1855 to 458,000 in 1875; and this represents the motive power only of ships of the fleet, in addition to which ironclads and other large vessels now carry numerous engines for duties which used to be performed entirely by manual labour. "Indeed," the Committee say, "a ship of war, with her powerful engines for propulsion, elaborate machinery for the steering gear and capstans, her guns and gun-carriages and all her inferior fittings connected with the various compartments, pumps, pipes, and valves, forms one large and complicated machine." It is well known that in some ironclads there are more than three hundred compartments, and that a great deal of machinery is required to work the guns. The *Téméraire* has thirty-four engines on board, exclusive of the pistons and cylinders which propel the vessel; and the *Thunderer* and *Devastation*, which have no masts, are practically under the management of the engineers.

In regard to the existing system of engineering education, the Committee gave their opinion

that the examination on entry, the six years' practical training in the workshops and steamships at the Dockyards, combined with a certain amount of theoretical instruction in the schools, the subsequent nine months' study at the Royal Naval School, and the selection of two officers annually for a higher course of education, "make up a system of training which, if carefully carried out in all its details, will furnish the naval service with a well-educated body of Engineers, from which officers can be selected to fill any position requiring engineering and mechanical skill." They pointed out, however, what they thought was—though other people may think differently—a weak point in the present system, that "a large portion of the candidates for entry as Engineer students are sons of artificers of various grades in the Dockyards, of seamen and marines, or of others belonging to the same class of society"; and the conclusion drawn was as follows:—"Engineer Officers should be in all respects fitted to take their places with officers of corresponding rank in wardroom or gunroom messes," but "this evidently cannot be the case with the majority of the students lately entered." The Committee, to meet this difficulty, recommended that, in the admission of candidates to compete, more searching inquiries should be made of the referees named by the parents (in accordance with existing regulations), to ensure that the candidates were in all respects eligible for their future position in HER MAJESTY'S service; and that the students should pay a certain sum (25*l.* a year) to defray in part the expense of their education, "as is the case in other branches of the service, and the custom in every other inlet to the profession of Engineer."

The result of this Report was that the Admiralty resolved to adopt some of its recommendations, and to improve to a certain extent the position of Engineer officers in pay and rank. A good deal of disappointment, however, was shown in the House of Commons at the very limited extent to which this was carried out. Mr. REED took the lead in pointing out that, although Engineer officers must in future play the most important and responsible part in the control and management of ships, they were kept in an inferior position as regards the naval officers; of the aggregate salaries of the navy, exceeding 1,000,000*l.*, only 170,000*l.* went to the Engineer service; and all that was proposed then was to add 1,000*l.* to the full pay of Engineers for a year. One Engineer officer at 900*l.* a year had the control and management of the navy, while seven admirals had an aggregate income of 13,000*l.* Mr. GOSCHEN also showed that the rank and pay of Chief Engineers and Inspectors of Machinery were far below those of the other officers. Mr. SEELY protested against the exclusion of competent candidates from employment in the service on the ground that they come from the lower classes of society. He pointed out that the education required for successful candidates in this branch of the service was higher than the preliminary examination of solicitors, and more exacting in mathematics than the matriculation examination of the London University, and he asked "whether such students were to be set aside as ill-mannered young dogs who could not be admitted into the gunroom and the wardroom?" There is no doubt that this is, in some ways, a difficult question; but it is one which deserves consideration, and Mr. SEELY was probably right in saying that, if there was a little roughness at first on the part of these young fellows, it would soon be got rid of when they found themselves mixing with gentlemen; and that, in any case, the question was one not so much of manners as of professional efficiency. Mr. GOSCHEN took a similar view. It was, he said, not a mere question of a small increase of pay or nominal rank, but whether this branch of the service was to be put in that position on board ships which had been rendered necessary by the exigencies of our navy; in short, whether the Engineers were to be placed upon the same footing with the military branch, to which Mr. WARD HUNT answered by a gesture of dissent. Mr. GOSCHEN then went on to argue that, if we do not do justice to the Engineers, we shall not get good and capable men; and that we have to think of the safety of our ships, and consider whether the authority of Engineer officers is so great and well defined as it ought to be, and whether it is sufficient to enable them to prevent a recurrence of such accidents as have happened lately. The then FIRST LORD, however, held that there was a difficulty in placing men of such different social status in the

same mess; and that it was found that practically it led, not to harmony, but to discord, inasmuch as when the Engineers "first entered the service, not having had to associate with the same class as the administrative officers, they had those social disadvantages which prevented the latter from treating them on an equality." It is easy to understand from this view of a high official the reasons why the Engineers are dissatisfied with their position. They are looked down upon as not fit to associate with gentlemen, and they have inferior pay and rank. We do not say that manners and gentlemanly behaviour should be left out of account; but most people will be of opinion that there is no reason why a man born in the lower classes should have a ban put upon him, if he is otherwise capable and fit for his duties. The question may be a delicate one, but it ought to be taken into serious consideration; for there is very little chance of this branch of the service being what it ought to be if it is not treated with more respect and encouragement.

#### NINE WEEKS OF PRELIMINARY INQUIRY.

AT last the case of the police Detectives in its first stage is over. It has occupied twenty-eight days, spread over nine weeks, and the only result—the commitment of the prisoners—is one which might, without any failure of justice, have been arrived at in half the time, if common sense and magisterial authority had been applied to keeping the inquiry within its natural and legitimate limits. All parties have apparently done their best to spin out the case as much as possible; but there is at least this excuse for the representatives of the accused, that the prosecuting counsel set the bad example of idle and superfluous prolixity in his examination-in-chief, so that those who followed him had to clear up all sorts of trumpery and insignificant details which in a mere preliminary inquiry need not have been brought in at all. The chief responsibility, however, for this waste of time rests on the presiding magistrate, who, as soon as he saw the improper manner in which the proceedings were being lengthened, might, by a few judicious observations and a timely rebuke, have kept it within due bounds. Nothing could be more unseemly than the way in which rude altercations were allowed to take place, not only between the legal gentlemen and some of the witnesses, but between the legal gentlemen themselves. Indeed it would seem as if that personal vanity, that love of prominence and display, to which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has attributed the useless speechifying which wastes so much precious time in the House of Commons, had also infected the lawyers, who now, whenever they have an opportunity in a case which attracts general notice, seem to think of nothing but showing themselves off and getting talked about. As for the magistrate, he seems not only to have been incapable of keeping order in court, where a noisy mob was continually showing its sympathy with the convict witnesses and its delight at seeing the police in trouble, but permitted the counsel both for the prosecution and defence to adopt a style of examination of the loosest and most irregular kind. For instance, as part of the evidence for the defence, an extract was read of a letter from Serjeant PARRY, who was in the GONCOURT case, to the effect that he never had any doubt that the evidence which Inspector CLARKE then gave was honestly and truly given. This may have been a reasonable opinion on the SERJEANT'S part; but it was only an opinion such as anybody might have formed, and was clearly not evidence. Again, towards the end of the proceedings, Mr. FROGGATT was allowed to read, as part of his defence, and as intended to affect the judgment of the Court, extracts from two letters which had been sent to him anonymously, and which were not authenticated in any way. One of these, attributed to Mr. A. E. HARDY, counsel for the Treasury, expressed a belief that "The prosecution against Mr. FROGGATT has been altogether ill-advised and premature." So far, the only evidence against him rests on the statements of STENNING, FLINTOFF, and WILLIAM KURR; but "can this evidence be substantiated and confirmed by witnesses in whom no confidence is placed?" The other letter purported to be from the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and contained this passage:—"With regard to the evidence against FROGGATT, nothing submitted to me up to date can alter my original opinion, that, unless fresh evidence is forthcoming to corroborate the convict's statements,



"the prosecution should be abandoned." It may be presumed that some explanation will be given as to how these documents, apparently of an official and confidential character, passed into Mr. FRUGGATT's hands; and that any magistrate should have quietly allowed such a glaring and unjustifiable breach of the rules of evidence is certainly difficult to understand. In fact, the whole course of the proceedings has tended seriously to impair the respect for magisterial discretion and authority.

No reasonable person can believe that all this prolonged evidence and mass of petty details were required to prove that a *prima facie* case had been made out for sending the prisoners to a higher tribunal. No doubt a very small and apparently irrelevant detail may sometimes be of great importance in a criminal trial; but here there were certain broad features of the subject which were so obvious from the first that, without in any way anticipating the final result of the prosecution, a committal might have been seen to be inevitable. It was not the business of the magistrate to say whether the prisoners were guilty or not; all he had to do was to decide whether there were grounds for a regular trial before another tribunal. The LORD ADVOCATE remarked the other day in his address at Aberdeen that it was impossible not to feel that it was hard upon the prisoners in a case like this to be kept in torture from day to day when it was known that the decisive judgment must be left to another court. There were also, he said, other considerations to be taken into account, such as the question which naturally occurred to those who noticed the number of counsel and the time spent on the case, how much money these unfortunate men were possessed of who were compelled to employ counsel and agents, not to defend them against the charge upon which they would in all likelihood be tried, but simply to dress up the evidence in the best way they could before the trial began. The LORD ADVOCATE expressed his confidence that the jury would do justice to the case and give the prisoners the benefit of any doubt; and it may be hoped that they will do so, but the tendency of thus fastening the attention of the public upon all the features of the case, and encouraging it to brood over and speculate upon the probable or possible conclusions to be drawn as to the guilt of the accused, cannot be favourable to an unbiassed judgment.

As to the general question how far preliminary inquiries promote the ends of justice and serve as a protection to the accused, there can be little doubt that, when confined within reasonable limits, they are a necessary part of the course of justice. The LORD ADVOCATE referred to the possibility of combining the English system of public preliminary inquiries with the Scotch system of leaving to the Procurators Fiscal, under the supervision of the Lord Advocate, the power of initiating prosecutions on the strength of private inquiries made by themselves. The advantage of the former plan is, as the LORD ADVOCATE admitted, that, before a man becomes the subject of a prosecution, there is an inquiry, not in the dark, but in open daylight, at which he has an opportunity of cross-examining the witnesses, and showing that there is no real foundation for such a charge as would warrant proceedings against him. It may be readily conceived that, though the Scotch system may be more prompt than the English in its operation, the private investigations of the Procurators Fiscal, taking the place of public inquiries in the police-court, are liable to operate unfairly against the accused. Inquiries in open court not only afford the accused an opportunity of hearing what can be said against him, and of showing that it is not sufficient to justify the proceedings being carried further, but they call public attention to the case, and sometimes important information is thus obtained by one side or the other; while in any case the essential grounds of the proceedings are made clear, so that everybody can judge how far a committal is justifiable. On the other hand, it might be possible to establish something equivalent to the Scotch Public Prosecutor by making the action of the Treasury in such matters more definite and systematic. At any rate, the LORD ADVOCATE was certainly entitled to refer to the case of the Detectives as a striking illustration of the way in which the English system is often mismanaged and abused. It is well that the grounds on which a trial is demanded should be openly stated, in order that they may be fully and fairly tested; but, on the other hand, there is no reason for a needlessly long preliminary inquiry, the only object

of which, besides advertising certain lawyers, and putting more fees in their pockets, is to determine whether a case shall pass into another stage. It is enough that it should be shown that there is need of a complete investigation, while leaving the question of the prisoners' guilt or innocence an open one.

#### OBELISKS AT HOME.

THE question is sometimes asked, What is there wonderful about an obelisk? It is not an unreasonable question. Our ideas of the architectural art have never been made to include any reference to the size of the materials of a building. It does not, at first sight, occur to us that it can matter very much whether a temple is made of bricks a few inches thick, or of stones as many feet, so that the temple itself is a work of magnitude. The ancient Egyptians and the so-called Cyclopean builders thought differently. And it must be allowed that, if they erred, it was in a right direction. People often boast that there are few pieces of architecture in any European city more satisfactory than the Quadrant in Regent Street; but they do not reflect that from an Egyptian point of view it would fall far short of architecture. It is built of miserable little bricks, and covered over with plaster and paint in imitation of pilasters. It is little, if at all, better than a piece of theatrical scenery. But, judging in this way, we have no great building in London. Perhaps the portico at the British Museum may be called great from the magnitude of the stones of which the pillars are made. They are forty-five feet in height, and each shaft consists of only eight drums. But the column of Diocletian at Alexandria has a shaft seventy-three feet high, consisting of a single block of granite taller than the whole of one of the Ionic columns at the British Museum, from base to entablature. The earliest building in the world of which we have any authentic account is a temple near the Pyramids, recently discovered. This was made of blocks of red granite in a rude style which may remind the English traveller of Stonehenge; but each block is of such a size that Stonehenge shrinks into nothing beside it. It is evident, in short, that to the Egyptians of all ages, from the age of the Pyramid builders to that of the Roman Emperors, the size of the materials of which a building was to be made was a powerful consideration. Unquestionably they secured stability. The difficulty of moving Cleopatra's Needle gives us a reason why so many obelisks and temples are still standing. There are stones at Karnac forty feet long. On the roof of the temple at Edfou there are stones twenty feet by twelve, and more than three feet thick. Such a roof may fall of itself; but there is probably no engineer in Egypt who could pull it down without gunpowder or steam. We have nothing of this sort in England. The architects of such buildings as Salisbury Cathedral early taught us that greatness of parts is not necessary to grandeur of effect; but this lesson never seems to have occurred to the Egyptians, though the Greeks knew it, as the little Parthenon proves, and the Romans acted on it, but without the same success. The wonder of the obelisk is that it consists of a single stone. It has little other claim on our regard, if we except its antiquity, which will make it, if it ever reaches our shores, the oldest public monument in the three kingdoms.

How we are to show it off is a serious question, and one which has already been noticed in our columns (*Saturday Review*, August 25, 1877). It may be worth while to inquire how the Egyptians placed their obelisks. There is, fortunately, no doubt at all on this head. The particular obelisk which is now on its way to our shores was removed in the reign of Augustus, together with its companion, which is still standing, from Heliopolis, about one hundred and twenty miles inland, to the water's edge at Alexandria. Previously no doubt the pair stood, like other obelisks, in a temple. A single example still remains at Heliopolis, and still stands as it stood when it was placed in front of his temple by the King Osirtasen, who lived, according to M. Mariette and others, about four thousand nine hundred years ago. It is the oldest in Egypt, and is about sixty-eight feet high, or two feet higher than our prize, and three feet lower than the obelisk still erect at Alexandria. There was probably a fourth near the same spot of similar dimensions. The place itself was the courtyard of the temple, surrounded by a lofty wall and close to buildings of great size. Four obelisks were also placed within the temple at Karnac, and two are still standing. Here, again, we find them, not in a wide, open space, nor among buildings which they overtop, but in narrow courts. The taller of the two is the tallest now remaining perfect. It measures ninety-two feet from the ground, and its companion is not much less, being about seventy-five. At Luxor, a few miles off, another pair remained till lately; but one of them now graces the Place de la Concorde. These two were in a wider space than the four at Karnac, but they were close to the face of the great propylons, by which it might have been expected that they would be completely dwarfed. But the ancient builders knew better. The wall behind them is composed of enormous blocks of sandstone. Yet this single piece of granite reaches nearly to the top of the wall. Such is the reflection suggested by their situation. At Karnac you see the point of the tall pillar appearing above the tops of the palms, and of the gigantic buildings close to it; but you see only the point until you are near enough to recognize that it is a monolith. The whole world cannot show such another block, yet it is

a small thing, considered merely as a building. To see it aright you must, said its designers, see it near; or, if any of it is to be revealed to the world at large, it must be the extremity only, and that surrounded by great columns and lofty gates, so that a scale is ready to assist your eye in estimating its size when at length you enter the narrow precincts of the court from whose floor it shoots up into the blue sky above your head. This evidently was the idea of the obelisk-makers, and they were undoubtedly right. An obelisk built up of little bits of stone is not really an obelisk; and at Paris the great open place, the fountains, the bridge, the distant portico, all go not to enhance the obelisk, but to destroy it.

There are very few references among all the inscriptions deciphered on the great Egyptian monuments to the magnitude of work undertaken. But one of them is on the base of the larger obelisk of Karnac. It tells us that the Queen Amunohet, or Hatasou, the daughter and successor of Thothmes I., a King of the eighteenth dynasty, erected it as a memorial to her father, and it records the length of time consumed in bringing it from the quarries. When we consider that it had to be brought from the quarry at Syene, perhaps two miles to the river's edge, then one hundred and thirty-five miles, probably by boat, to Karnac, and then from the shore about two hundred yards through the temple to its destination, and that then it had to be raised on end and delicately adjusted so as to be perfectly perpendicular, and to face exactly the same way as the temple itself, we are surprised to find that only seven months were consumed. The recent operations at Alexandria began some time in June last, and have thus already taken three months. The great Egyptian Queen, if she had no English engineers, had myriads of unfortunate subjects; and an obelisk, as indeed a passage in the inscription at Karnac implies, is an emblem of brute force. How far it is a suitable ornament for a modern Christian city we need not here attempt to decide. Fortunately, very few of the thousands who will go to gaze at our specimen will be able to make out even a word of the three dedicatory inscriptions on its face. As at Karnac and Luxor, so too on this obelisk from Heliopolis, Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, has placed a column of his own hieroglyphics on either side of the older inscription. The writing is therefore of two periods, the earlier dating from the reign of Thothmes III., the brother or nephew, and successor, of the Queen Hatasou, who reigned about 1600 B.C.; and the later from the reign of Rameses, about three centuries nearer our time. The Paris obelisk is similarly inscribed, and it is interesting to observe the very visible difference in the style of the cutting of the two periods. Though Rameses had no objection to commemorate himself and the kings of his own family on the obelisks of the previous dynasty, he was a great maker of obelisks himself. There are the traces of not fewer than a dozen at San, the ancient Tanis, in the Delta, and all were of his time. They varied in size from about thirty feet to twice that height, and were, as usual, placed in a court, and close to lofty buildings. After the reigns of the family of Osirtasen, or the twelfth dynasty, of the family of Amosis, or the eighteenth dynasty, and of the family of Rameses, or the nineteenth, obelisks seem to have gone out of fashion. A great monolith, ninety feet long, lies half hewn out of its native bed of pure red granite in the quarry near Syene. It may have been ordered by a king of one dynasty before a revolution, and countermanded by his successor of another. Near it is a similar monument, a half-cut colossus, perhaps intended to be the match of the great statue now lying in fragments at the Memnonium at Thebes. In the tomb of an official of the court of Osirtasen, not far from Beni Hassan, there is a representation of the removal of such a colossus, a statue about twenty feet high. Four rows of foreign captives, forty-three in each row, are made to drag the sledge, and seven companies of men are waiting to take their turn at the ropes. If so many slaves could be secured for the service of a subject, how many more would be employed by a king like Rameses or a queen like Hatasou. Mr. Poynter has saved us the trouble of trying to realize the scene which must have been presented when one of these exhibitions of brutal power took place; but it will be impossible for any one who has actually visited Egypt and seen obelisks at home not to remember, every time he looks at our new acquisition, the scenes through which it must have passed on its way from the ridge of the granite hill behind Syene to an island in the West of which the Egyptians had never heard.

The Romans seem to have loved obelisks nearly as much as their original inventors. All the pains and expense which have just been taken to bring Cleopatra's Needle to England fade into insignificance when we read that Augustus brought two from Heliopolis, Caligula one, Claudius two, Hadrian one, Constantine one, and other Emperors the rest of the twelve which still adorn Rome. The largest now stands in front of St. John Lateran, and is nearly double the height of ours; but it is unfortunately broken into five pieces, and lost some of its prodigious length when Fontana set it up for Sixtus V. The Vatican obelisk, however, in the court of St. Peter's is perfect, and is about half as long again as Cleopatra's Needle. It came also from Heliopolis, but is without inscription. It is probable that it was originally made by Rameses II. Ours may therefore be older, but it would not be easy to prove the point. Pliny and Suetonius mention the magnitude of the vessel in which it was brought to Ostia. They would probably have made very light of our engineering difficulties, and would have trusted rather to an unlimited supply of men than to any other power. It may be a question for us, when Mr. Wilson's money is

spent and the monolith is safe in our city, whether for the same, or even a smaller, sum a still larger stone, of a shape more pleasing to modern eyes, might not have been quarried and polished in Scotland or Ireland. A few years have introduced great improvements in the art of cutting and smoothing all kinds of granite. Every building of any pretensions to magnificence is decorated with polished columns from Aberdeen; and, though no single stone of forty feet in length has yet been produced, one much larger could no doubt be supplied if the demand for it existed.

#### FRENCH SENTIMENT IN FICTION.

REFERENCE has more than once been made in these columns to a passage in Mr. Hamerton's clever book *Round My House*, which is devoted to pointing out the fallacy of the belief that the marriage tie in France is, as a rule, held in but light estimation. "The origin of the belief," says Mr. Hamerton, "is this—the manner in which marriages are generally managed in France leaves no room for interesting love-stories." Therefore novelists and dramatists are driven to seek for love interest in illicit passion, and the reading of their works conveys the false notion that such passion is the main interest of French life. That there is too much of it "in the luxurious and idle society of Paris, which is much better known to foreigners than the simpler and more restricted, yet in the aggregate incomparably more numerous, society of the country," Mr. Hamerton is ready to admit. But then so there is, it is to be feared, in all great capitals. It is less, however, our present concern to institute any comparison between the society of Paris and that of other cities than to point to some of the effects produced by the narrow groove in which the art of fiction runs in France. And in the first place it is only just to note that the artistic faculty must be singularly developed among novelists who, having only one theme to treat of, yet manage to produce with it so much variety of effect. It is as if all, or nearly all, the violinists of a particular country were forced to emulate Paganini's feat of playing on one string. But even the finest art cannot prevent a sense of monotony arising from the constant recurrence to one form of emotion, nor can it cast the glamour of poetry, except for a passing moment, over meanness and dishonesty. It may be said that, for purposes of art, a reader or spectator should place himself in the position assumed by the author he is considering, should accept the code of morality by which the fictitious personages submitted to him are governed, and should not judge their feelings or actions by his own ideas acquired under a totally different system. On the other hand, if we are to have a world of fiction in which the standard of honour both between men and between men and women is habitually low, why should we not have one in which that of common honesty is degraded in the same way? The Jack Sheppard of romance is in some way a far less contemptible personage than the men whom many French writers delight to honour in their romances and plays; and the highwayman school of fiction once popular in England is at least as moral as the school into which, with few exceptions, modern French novelists have drifted.

One of the masters of this school is M. Octave Feuillet, who in the early part of his career was accused of being "trop modéré et trop chaste," and was described by MM. de Goncourt as "le Musset des familles." The name was far from being happily chosen, for there was in truth no kind of resemblance between the style of Musset and that of M. Feuillet; but the two qualifying words may remind those who have forgotten M. Feuillet's earlier writings of their freedom from any evil suggestion or influence. Presently, however, M. Feuillet resolved to show that he could ruffle it with the best of them in depicting scenes of guilty passion. He left off singing to maidens and boys, and assumed a manner so entirely different as to remind one of the giant said to have been described in a lecture by a certain German professor as being also a dwarf. In this second manner, to quote a keen critic, M. Jules Claretie, "il parait vouloir réagir contre lui-même, forcer son naturel féminin et produire des œuvres ardentes et mâles, et où, sous prétexte de rompre avec ses propres traditions, il pousse la passion jusqu'à la névrose et le sans-gêne jusqu'au déshabillé. Entendons-nous; avec M. Feuillet ce déshabillé même garde toujours une grâce qui veut être décente et qui n'en est peut-être que plus capiteuse. Ce peintre habituel des adultères du *high life* met des gants glacés pour tenir ses pinceaux; mais ses couleurs, qu'il trouve le moyen de parfumer, ont cependant une crudité bizarre qui les rend tout aussi chaudes et grisantes que celles du plus profond réalisme." This is indeed the difference between M. Feuillet's writings and those of such an author as M. Dumas. About the work of the latter there is a kind of open brutality which makes it far less dangerous than the insidious commingling of good and evil in which, since the days of Kotzebue, the more sentimental school has delighted. M. Dumas, it is true, takes a remarkably low view of life. The world to which he introduces his readers is one in which people who betray a woman's secrets and boast of their love affairs are described as the soul of honour and the finest fellows it is possible to meet. But, on the other hand, in treating of intrigues and illicit passions, he calls things by their right names, and but rarely attempts, as M. Feuillet always does, to enlist one's sympathies on the side of immorality. If M. Feuillet wished to defend himself against such a charge as this, his answer would doubtless be that in his works infringement of the moral law is always shown as bringing its own



punishment; and this in the main would be true enough. But it is also true that over all that leads up to the retribution, and even over the form of the retribution itself, is cast a kind of dreamy poetical haze that enwraps and obscures the moral sense until the faculty of distinguishing between the admirable and the base is for the moment lost. It might be said that to read M. Dumas is like walking through a pigsty, and to read M. Feuillet is like being plunged into a hothouse, damp and heavy with the drowsy perfume of noxious plants. The object of M. Feuillet's later works seems to be to find a debatable ground between right and wrong, and to establish on it the figure of a woman whose crimes shall be palliated, if not excused, by the very qualities that lead to their commission. This woman, he is always careful to explain, is one capable of the highest virtues and the blackest sins; she may be an angel or the worst of fiends. She is always shown in her fiendlike capacity; but, by a strange inversion of reason, she is to be accounted worthy of admiration because she might have been so very good. Having once invented this professedly mysterious and heroic figure, its author seems to have become enamoured of it as Pygmalion of his statue. It appeared to him so excellently devised, that he never wearied of producing replicas; and, under the various names of Julie, Julia de Tréceur, Blanche de Chelles, Mme. de Campvallou, and in its latest avatar Mme. de Talyas, this presentation of a thoroughly bad woman invested with a specious grandeur has been constantly held up for the applause of M. Feuillet's readers and audiences.

It has already been observed that in works of art of all of which adultery is the basis, there must inevitably be a certain monotony; and it is evident that, by constantly selecting the same type for his central character, M. Feuillet cannot but have carried this sameness still further in his own works. It is more strange, however, to find a writer of so much skill repeating his situations. Readers of *M. de Camors* will remember the striking scene in which Mme. de Campvallou, who, like Blanche de Chelles, had "l'intérêt d'un sphinx impénétrable," saves herself and Camors from her husband's suspicions by conveying to Camors that he must marry Marie de Teele, never intending, however, that the marriage should put a stop to her own relations with Camors. It is true that in M. Feuillet's new volume, *Les Amours de Philippe*, there is a slight difference in situation. Mme. de Talyas, the new form of sphinx, is indeed quite ready to stoop to this last infamy; but her lover is not, for no better reason however than that, unlike Camors, he has tired of his mistress and has some longings after a virtuous life. It is also true that the manner in which the woman's plot is conveyed to her lover in *Les Amours de Philippe* differs from that employed in *M. de Camors*, and is less impressive. But in the main the situation is precisely the same, and its repetition argues a singular want of inventiveness or a singular conceit with his own former invention on the part of the author. In other respects *Les Amours de Philippe*, though it abounds in instances of the author's charm of style and contains one character, Jeanne, who by her simplicity and truth commands respect and admiration, is by no means so striking a work as *M. de Camors*. Mme. de Talyas, as has been said, is a personage already familiar to M. Feuillet's readers, as this description of her will be enough to show:—"La vraie et pure Parisienne, dans son développement complet, est un être extraordinaire. Dans cette étrange serre chaude de Paris, l'enfant est déjà une jeune fille, la jeune fille est une femme, et la femme est un monstre—un monstre charmant et redoutable. C'est un corps chaste souvent, mais un esprit profondément blasé et raffiné. Au milieu de ce grand mouvement parisien, dans les salons, dans les théâtres, dans les expositions de toute nature, tous les pays et tous les siècles ont passé sous ses yeux et traversé son intelligence; elle en connaît les mœurs, les passions, les vertus et les vices—révélés et poétisés par l'art sous toutes ses formes—et tout cela fermenté à la fois jour et nuit dans son cerveau surchauffé. Elle a tout vu, tout deviné, tout imaginé, tout convoité; elle est en même temps lasse de tout et curieuse de tout. Elle se conduit quelquefois bien, quelquefois mal, sans grand goût pour le bien ni pour le mal, parce qu'elle rêve quelque chose de mieux que le bien et de pire que le mal. Cette innocente n'est souvent séparée de la débauche que par un caprice et du crime que par une occasion."

Later on, when Mme. de Talyas, having nearly murdered her rival, suddenly bursts into tears, embraces her, renounces her schemes of vengeance, and departs with a kind of blessing on her marriage, it is said:—"Des femmes comme elle, on peut tout craindre—et tout espérer," just as it is said of Blanche de Chelles, in *Le Sphinx*, "Les femmes comme elles sont comme des astres échappés de leur orbite et qui n'ont plus de lois—ils touchent aujourd'hui à l'héroïsme, demain au crime." As M. Feuillet says that the corruption of the Parisienne is due to her seeing vices "révélés et poétisés par l'art sous toutes ses formes," it would not be an unnatural question to ask why M. Feuillet devotes his art to this corrupting process. It may be the same influence which produces M. Feuillet's various sphinxes that is also at work to create the many sentimental heroes of French fiction of whom Philippe is an apt type. These young men are supposed to enlist sympathy by their extreme sensitiveness, which renders them almost as fit members of society as children who have never been taught that to cry for the moon is a useless and annoying occupation. Their weak passion for their mistresses is at any moment liable to turn to fury if their wishes are in the least thwarted; and, when their own folly or misbehaviour leads to their being abandoned, they at once sit down and burst into floods of tears. Some of them, like Philippe,

are in some sense the victims of their own fascination, and are not slow when they find the ties of guilty passion inconvenient to avail themselves of the excuse made some time ago by Adam. Philippe, when he has had enough of slavery to Mme. de Talyas, is rewarded by marrying his cousin Jenne, who, as has been said, is the one completely charming figure in the book, and the reader can only regret that she should not get a less weak and untrustworthy husband. M. Feuillet, in *Un Mariage dans le Monde*, showed that he could break away from what has grown to be the convention of most French novels and yet write an attractive story. It seems a pity that he has not repeated the experiment, instead of recurring to the false sentiment and complex interweaving of good and bad which the French borrowed long ago from Germany.

#### SOUNION.

ONE more excursion, this time not on the Attic soil, but on the Attic sea, must be added to the Eleusinian and the Marathonian pilgrimage, even by those who cannot undertake to follow the keen guidance of Colonel Lenke into every corner of the Attic *δῆμος*. The survey of the Attic land may well be ended at the point where, in geographical accuracy, it ought, by those at least who approach by way of Syria, to have begun. But to one thus drawing nigh for the first time, Sounion is at most the beacon which points to Athens; it may even be that, if he chances to draw nigh on a dim and cloudy morning, he may fail to distinguish the marbled steep of Sounion among the other lofty points over which his eye wanders. He expects, it may well be, that the height and the temple will front him boldly as the first point of Attic ground to catch his eye. He may not thoroughly take in the fact that the promontory lies in a manner round a corner. Unless he has studied his map very carefully, he may draw near under the belief that the Attic peninsula ends in a point, in the same way in which the three southern peninsulas of Peloponnésos, that of Tainaros above all, certainly do. Pausanias indeed begins his picture, not only of Attica, but of all Greece, with "the height of Sounion, stretching forth from the Attic land and the mainland of Hellas towards the Kyklades and the Ægean sea." Yet it is certain that some who have approached the mainland of Hellas from the Kyklades have not been lucky enough to catch a sight of Athénê on the promontory as a harbinger of Athénê on the inland rock. Even he who is more favoured cannot, at that moment, stop to study the arrangement of the columns which still keep their ancient whiteness. Nor will he, as he sails by, find out that there too the rival of Athénê was not wholly ousted, that the sea-god kept at Sounion a secondary place, at least as important as that which he kept at Eleusis alongside of Démêter and her Child.

A voyage to Sounion forms then a necessary part of even a short sojourn in Athens and Attica. He who is careful about mines, old or new, might prefer a land journey which should combine Sounion with Laureion. Otherwise it may be better to put oneself under the guardianship of the lord of the dolphins, to whom men prayed on Sounion (*ὁ χυνορρῖπιαν, ὁ δελφῖνον μετῶν Σουνιάρε*), and to trust to his golden trident to clear the way. That way leads by several striking points of coast, each cape having, as a rule, an island placed before it as a kind of outpost. Such above all is Zôstêr, where the narrow isthmus, as Dean Blakesley hints, tied the promontory to the shore, but where pious etymologists at a later time saw the spot where Lêtô loosed her girdle. Such an etymology is much of a piece with many popular etymologies in our own land. From the hill of Battle we look out on Telham, so called, says the local legend, because the advancing Norman there told his army. Not far off flows one of the "cold becks" which have given their names to so many spots from Normandy to Scotland. Here it is said to mark the spot where the Duke called back his flying men. The derivation of Zôstêr from Lêtô's zone is a guess essentially of the same kind as these; yet there is a difference between them which is not uninteresting in comparing the history of the Greek and the English language. In the English derivations the real meaning is absolutely forgotten; wholly wrong words, having merely an accidental likeness in sound, are pressed into the service. In one of the two cases the word thus misapplied has itself in that meaning become obsolete. It is not unlikely that a new legend may arise, and that Telham, instead of the spot where William told—that is, numbered—his army, may become the spot where he told them to do this or that. But Greek had not, in the days at least when the Zôstêr legend was invented, been so utterly broken up as that men were likely to go off to an altogether wrong root. The tale kept within the prescribed range of tying or untying something or other; and Lêtô, Artemis, and Apollôn gained a fresh seat of worship through the etymological guess. But Zôstêr has its place in history as well as in legend. The Persians after Salamis took, so says Herodotus, the three small peaks which form the peninsula for Athenian ships, and fled all the more till they found out their mistake. One sceptical historian suggests that it must have been a moonlit night. But, after all, may not this story be less legendary than that of Lêtô, only so far as that real actors are brought in? That the Persians took the rocks of Zôstêr for ships and fled all the more is the kind of mocking saying which was likely to be said at the time, whether true or false. And, even if it was a mere mocking saying, it might well have passed into serious belief before Herodotus, a four-years-old child at the time, had grown into an inquiring historian. After all, the story belongs to a class. There are the thistles which the

armies took for spears after the fight of Mont'hery. There are the Welshwomen in the red cloaks, whom the French at Fishguard took for regular soldiers coming to the help of the valiant militia of Pembrokehire. Did all these things happen, or are they all mere sayings which have found their way into history? Let comparative mythologists argue the point.

But we are followed by etymologies along the whole coast. Everyone who has ever looked at the map knows the long island, immediately east of the southern point of Attica, whose name fluctuates between the mere description Makris and the more attractive name of Helenē. How came Helen hither? We may be sure, with all deference to Strabo, that this is not the Kranai of the third book of the Iliad; that was far away by the Lakonian shore, and the Homeric reference was commemorated by a temple of Aphrodité with an unseemly surname. So Pausanias tells us, though he does not explain what brought Helen to the long island off Sounion. We will not hint that according to one Homeric story (see Odyssey iii. 278) she must have been, if not on the island, at least near it, in better company and at a later and better part of her story, than that in which Strabo would bring her into these parts. But on Attic soil or on Attic waters we must learn to feel an Attic patriotism, and, so minded, we can give her a chance from another quarter. We must not forget that Helen has her independent place in Attic as well as in Peloponnesian legend. She was carried off by Theseus as well as by Paris. She was known at Aphidna, at Dekeleia, and at Rhamnus; and it would be only a fair freak of etymological invention to give her an island off the Attic as well as off the Lakonian coast.

But with Helen in this way to guard the eastern side of the southern extremity of the Attic land, it is a little disappointing when we find the real origin of the name of the much smaller island which guards its western side. There lies the isle of Patroklos. Helen and Patroklos seem well matched; and a charm seems to be broken when we find that the island takes its name, not from the Homeric antitype of Jonathan, but from the Admiral of Ptolemy Philadelphos, who there dug a trench and threw up a wall when he came to help Athens against Antigonos Gonatas. Such a fall from poetry to prose, from legend to history, is really sad. Yet we may draw some small comfort. Everything is a gain which reminds us that the history of Athens did not end with the war of Chaironeia or with the war of Lamia, but that Ptolemy and Antigonos, and men later by ages on ages than Ptolemy and Antigonos, had something to do with fixing her destinies.

The island of Patroklos is the last of the series of capes and islands between Peiræus and Sounion. All have lost their names, unless any one takes *Phaura* and *Phleua* to be forms of the same name. All the rest have descriptive names ending in *ησί*—the diminutive form, which, according to rule in modern Greek, has supplanted the older *νῆσος*—just as along our own shores they might end in *holm* or *ey*. We turn round the last point, and now—

Σούνιον ἰδὼν ἀφικ' μεθ', ἄκρον Ἀθηνῶν.

A sceptical thought will flash across the mind. Ought we not to read Ἀθῆναις for Ἀθηνῶν? But if we stifle the thought, we have again another witness to the way in which all Attica had even in Homeric times already become Athens. There is the little bay fenced in by the height, crowned by the white columns, which gives the cape its modern, its Italian, name. The name is well applied; Sounion is before all things the Cape of the Columns. The pure white which their marble still keeps is striking to the eye which has been for some time accustomed to the yellowish brownish hue of the standing columns of Athens. We say the standing columns, because those columns of the Parthenon which have been thrown down are as white as those on Sounion. But for this last fact, it would be easy to account for the difference in the hue of the columns by the difference between the pure sea-air of Sounion and the air of an akropolis rising above a great city. Only here comes in the difficulty which is suggested by the whiteness of the fallen columns at Athens. Either the discolouring of the columns which are still standing has happened since Morosini's siege, or else the columns that are overthrown have regained their whiteness since their fall. We do not pretend to explain the difficulty; we only state it. All that we are concerned with is the striking effect of the white marble of the columns on Sounion as contrasted either with the discoloured columns of the Parthenon, or with the primitive columns of rougher stone which were covered with some kind of plaster from the beginning. The actual material of the columns of Sounion is something intermediate between the two. It is marble, but marble from the neighbouring hills, much less fine than the Pentelic marble of the Parthenon. Another point at once strikes the eye. Thirteen architectural objects stand up, but it is soon seen that only twelve are of the usual shape of columns. What is the thirteenth? It looks like a square pier, such as we should expect to find inside a basilica at Lucca, but not outside a temple at Sounion. The appearance is puzzling until we actually reach the site of the temple and there carefully spell out the ground plan. But before we do this two other remains have to be studied. Sounion, besides being a holy place, was also a fortress. When the news of the overthrow at Syracuse came to Athens, when every means was used to prop up the tottering commonwealth, one means of defence that was taken was the fortification of Sounion, with the special object of supplying a defence to the corn ships which brought in the foreign food which Athens needed more than ever when the Peloponnesians

were at Dekeleia. A large part of the wall which cut off the promontory is still to be traced, a wall of the best Hellenic masonry, strengthened by square towers at intervals. Within this military circuit again we come to the remains of the Propylæa, the entrance, as at Eleusis and at Athens itself, to the immediate sacred precinct. But the summit of all, crowning the promontory and immediately overlooking the sea, is the temple itself. And when we come carefully to study its plan, we see the meaning of the anomalous square object which seemed so puzzling from below. The temple was one *in antis*, and the square object is the end of one of the walls of the *cella*. The fellow to it may be traced, though it does not rise high enough to make a feature in the general view. One of the columns ranging with the *ante*, two on the northern side towards the land and nine on the southern or seaside, are still standing with their architraves; but the eastern and western fronts, with their columns and pediments, have perished.

It is indeed a spot to stand and gaze, though now with quite other and happier feelings than those which Byron put into the mouth of his imaginary Greek poet. The impulse is to gaze on the sea and the islands, the realm of Athens, the realm which her fortress on Sounion was to guard. But it is well to look landward also, and a short walk from the temple will show that Athênē was not the only power that was worshipped on Sounion. That the sea-god, lord of the Sounian dolphins, was worshipped there is plain from Aristophanes. The jokes in the Birds, where the god is addressed,

ὦ Σουνιέρακε χαῖρ' ἀναξ Πελαργικέ,

give us another title of the sea-god. Poseidón at Sounion, like Zeus at Dodônē, was prayed to as Pelasgian. The comic poet, when he had once got into Nephelokokkygia, does not scruple to change the epithets of the deity into "hawky" and "storky." We might be sure from this that Colonel Leake was misled in fancying that Poseidón had nothing more than a mere altar on Sounion. We come down from the temple of Athênē, we pass the Propylæa; we pass the ruins of the wall; we reach the little isthmus—for the site of the temple is peninsular—and on a lower height we find remains, not enough to enable us to make out the plan of any building, but enough to show that a building of some importance must have stood there. Surely here we have the site of the temple of the god who was prayed to on Sounion. Poseidón is here, as well as at Corinth, at home on his isthmus.

The men of Sounion are the subject of an allusion of the poet Anaxandrides, quoted by Athênaios, which at first sight is not very clear:—

πολλοὶ δὲ τῶν μὲν εἰσιν οὐκ ἀλεύθεροι,  
εἰς ἄβριον δὲ Σουνιεύς, εἰς εἰς τρίτην  
ἀγορὰν κέκρηται.

Some say that this refers to their prosperity as living near the mines of Laureion. The words in themselves would seem rather to point to a class intermediate between the slave and the full citizen. But how could there be such in any part of Attica after the union of the Attic towns? Of their modern successors, a few might be seen near the mouth of a cave by the sea, some contemplating the strangers, others following the useful occupation of Nausikaa. The whole scene—the little bay, with its beach beside the blue waters; the hills behind, with their white columns against the sky; the cave, suggesting endless Homeric remembrances of nymphs and sea-gods—even the homely work going on by the shore—all seems in harmony; all seems to carry us back to the days when the powers which had striven for Athens seem to have agreed to hold Sounion as a joint possession.

#### THE APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS.

WE took occasion not long ago, from an article in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*, to call attention to that strange compilation of heathen and Christian prophecies known under the name of the Sibylline Books. But there is, as we then intimated, a still more remarkable example on record of what Mr. Grote would call the mythopœic tendencies of the early Church, and one which, by name at least, is more widely known at the present day. To most of those who are not classical scholars, and to many even of those who are, the mention of the Sibylline oracles would suggest nothing beyond a vague recollection of the legend of Tarquin and the inexorable witch. But there are few who have not heard something about the Apocryphal Gospels, though we suspect that their knowledge, as a rule, is of the slightest, and in the case of modern readers is mainly borrowed from Longfellow's *Golden Legend*, which is itself based on the mediæval drama of that name, in which these stories hold so prominent a place. Those who are at all familiar with the course of recent religious controversy will also be aware that the Apocryphal Gospels, like the ecclesiastical miracles, supply sceptical writers with one of their favourite arguments against the truth of revelation. At first sight indeed the natural inference in either case would seem to those experienced in the workings of the human mind to be just the reverse. We might be almost certain *à priori* that, if true miracles were wrought by Moses, the conjurors of Egypt would do their best to emulate his success; and the achievements of Jannes and Jambres thus afford, as far as they go, testimony to the reality of the supernatural power which they are intended or alleged to discredit. It is natural to argue that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, and it is



morally certain, human nature being what it is, that, if miraculous agency has any real existence, "the forward and delusive faculty of imagination," as Bishop Butler calls it—to say nothing of deliberate fraud—will provide abundant counterfeits. And much the same may be said of the Apocryphal Gospels, especially when we consider the uncritical temper of the age to which they belong, and the consequent laxity of ideas then prevailing as to the moral distinction between historical and fabulous treatment of past events. How far the force of these *a priori* impressions as to the argumentative bearing of the spurious Gospels is corroborated or shaken on a closer acquaintance with their contents and history will perhaps appear more clearly by-and-by. That they have an important, though indirect, bearing on more than one question of considerable interest, theological or other, there can be no doubt.

The editor of an *Apocryphal New Testament*, published about fifty years ago,—in which however he has included a translation of the Apostolic Fathers—remarks very justly in his preface that here (in the spurious Gospels) will be found "the obscure but unquestionable origin of many remarkable relations in the Golden Legend," popularized since then by Mr. Longfellow, "the Lives of the Saints, and similar productions, concerning the birth of the Virgin, her marriage with Joseph, on the budding of his rod, the nativity of Jesus, the miracles of his Infancy, his labouring with Joseph at the carpentry trade, and the actions of his followers," as well as the subject-matter of mediæval miracle plays, many pictures of the best masters, illuminations of missals, and the like. The Gospels in question are six in number. We have the *Gospel of Mary*, with eight chapters; the *Protevangelion*, with sixteen; the *Gospel of the Infancy*, the first of which contains twenty-two chapters, the second four; *Christ and Abgarus*, with two chapters, containing the letter of King Abgarus of Edessa to our Lord and His reply; and the *Gospel of Nicodemus*, or *Acts of Pontius Pilate*, to which may be added the brief *Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Laodiceans* of nineteen verses only, some of them taken almost *verbatim* from the genuine Epistles; the *Epistles of Paul to Seneca* and *Seneca to Paul* in fourteen chapters; and the *Acts of Paul and Thecla*, said by Tertullian to have been forged by an Asiatic presbyter, but referred to as an authentic narrative by many of the Fathers, and indeed so far endorsed by the authority of the Roman Breviary that there is a prayer in the Commendation Office for the deliverance of the soul of the dying man "sicut beatissimam Theclam, virginem et martyrem Tuam de tribus atrocissimis tormentis liberasti." The "three torments," which are described at great length in the *Acts*, are death by fire, death by wild beasts, and violation, and from all these perils Thecla was miraculously delivered. It must not however be supposed that the Church of Rome attaches canonical authority to any of these books, though many of the facts related—as *e.g.* the incidents of the early life of the Virgin Mary—have passed into popular belief. As to the authenticity of the various narratives there appears to have been in all ages considerable difference of opinion. The *Protevangelion* was ascribed to St. James the Less, and is said to have been at one time used as canonical in the Eastern Church; it is curious that Joseph is represented, contrary to the ordinary traditions, as a widower with several children. The first *Gospel of the Infancy* contains among other things the story of the Egyptian idols falling down on the approach of the Holy Family—supposed to be predicted in the words of Isaiah, "The idols He shall utterly abolish"—and of their meeting the good and bad thief on their return to the Holy Land, when Titus, the good thief, showed them kindness and Christ prophesied his future lot; but this account differs in several respects from the later version of the story. We have also both here and in the second *Gospel of the Infancy*, attributed to St. Thomas, the very unpleasant and unbecoming stories about the boyhood of Christ which are partially reproduced in Longfellow's *Golden Legend*. The Letter of Abgarus and the reply have been considered genuine by some modern critics, including, if our memory serves us, the late Dr. Burton, Professor of Divinity at Oxford; it is very short. The most interesting perhaps of the Gospels is that ascribed to Nicodemus, which gives many additional details of the trial of our Lord before Pilate and the Crucifixion, and a long account of the descent into Hell and liberation of the souls of the patriarchs and their reception into Paradise. From this source are derived the names of the penitent thief, Dimas, and Longinus, the soldier who pierced the dead body on the cross with a spear. The genuineness of the *Epistles of Paul and Seneca* has been maintained both in ancient and modern times, and the editor of the *Apocryphal New Testament* seems to favour it; but later criticism certainly does not support the tradition of Seneca's intercourse with the Apostle or his conversion to Christianity.

That floating elements of contemporary tradition have been mingled with conjecture or pure invention in the composition of these supplementary Gospels there is no reason to doubt. Matter good, bad, and indifferent, fact and fiction, appear to be fused together into a strange and miscellaneous medley, but it must be admitted that the incredible and incongruous very largely predominates. Whatever weight may be assigned to the argument from internal evidence for the genuineness of the received Gospels will certainly lose nothing of its force by a comparison with the very dissimilar style and character of these supposititious adjuncts. It is true that the latter are sometimes cited with respect by early Christian writers, but it is not true that they are cited in the same manner or with the same frequency as the canonical Gospels; still less is it true, as a recent anonymous writer has elaborately argued,

that the citations of early Fathers prove that the Gospels they used were not those which won the ultimate acceptance of the Church. But we cannot enter here on an argument which Professor Lightfoot has treated with a fulness and felicity which makes it peculiarly his own. It is again true, as sceptical objectors have not been slow to remind us, that doubts were entertained for a time in the early Church as to the authority and inspiration of some of these apocryphal writings, while the Epistles of Clement and Barnabas and the *Shepherd of Hermas* were admitted in some places into the Canon. It was not indeed till towards the close of the fourth century that any authoritative canon of Scripture was drawn up for general reception. Such a fact will no doubt be unwelcome to that narrow school of Protestant sciolists who think, or talk as if they thought, that "the Bible and the Bible alone," as they have it in their hands, whole and unadulterated, with every word of its "canonical" contents and minus any "apocryphal" additions to the Old Testament or the New, dropped down—translated, printed, and neatly bound in morocco, *cum privilegio* of the Clarendon Press—like the sacred *ancilla*, from heaven. To such a class of believers the existence of Apocryphal Gospels, and the doubts which have been cast on certain portions of the New Testament as we receive it now, must alike present fatal difficulties, if once they could bring themselves to face the acknowledged facts. If no account is to be taken of Church authority on the one hand or of the exercise of human reason on the other, we are afraid that a blissful ignorance will be the only security for their faith. But it is ill fighting with facts, and the Apocryphal Gospels are facts too notorious to be easily or safely ignored. To our own mind, as will have become evident from what has been already said, an examination of their history and contents seems to offer additional testimony to the soundness of the judgment of the Church in the formation of the Canon eventually received. But we are not engaged here in the discussion of a theological argument or the refutation of sceptical objections, and must content ourselves with merely indicating this aspect of the matter. Meanwhile to the antiquary and the scholar, no less than to the divine, the Apocryphal Gospels present a study well worthy of their attention, and one which has hardly in recent times received the attention it deserved.

#### LESSONS OF THE INDIAN FAMINE.

WHETHER Parliament decides to grant or to refuse the Committee of Inquiry into Indian affairs for which Mr. Fawcett intends to press, there can be no question that the country is so thoroughly awakened to the serious nature of the present crisis in Madras that the subject of Indian famines, and the way in which they can best be cured or endured, will hereafter be discussed both in the House of Commons and elsewhere with a degree of patience and thoroughness which have hitherto been conspicuously deficient in all English deliberations on Indian topics. Hitherto the very name of India has generally been sufficient to empty either House of Parliament; able Under-Secretaries have made their lucid statements to a beggarly array of empty benches; and the Indian Budget discussion in the House of Lords has more than once resolved itself into a conversation between the Duke of Argyll and Lord Salisbury, in which no other peer could be induced to take a part, and about which not even the speakers themselves could affect to feel a very lively interest. We may hope, however, that the exceptional gravity of the present misfortune will have driven into the heads of the English people the lesson that the administration of the government of two hundred millions of people, under conditions of life differing widely in every respect from our own, is a task which calls for some portion of that earnest, patient, and thorough deliberation which is ever available for any topic of national interest at home. It is eminently desirable that Englishmen should follow the present famine throughout with an intelligent appreciation of its phenomena as they occur; and, though of course the day is still far distant when its lessons can be fully learned and the inferences to which it leads correctly summed up, there is already, we think, before us ample material for thought and study, and sufficient standing-room from which further explorations may be safely conducted.

In the first place, the periodical recurrence of famines may be regarded as established, so far as the Madras Presidency is concerned, beyond all reasonable doubt. The statistical department which Lord Mayo called into existence some years ago has been laudably active in the matter; and the officer who presides over it, Mr. W. Hunter, has lost no time in collecting and tabulating the available figures which throw light on the laws that appear to govern the rainfall, and consequently the harvests, in that part of the world. The Government Astronomer at Madras is a strong adherent of the theory, propounded at the beginning of the century by Sir W. Herschel, that some correspondence exists between the phases of solar maculation and terrestrial phenomena such as rainfall, heat, prevalence of cyclones, terrestrial magnetism, unusual displays of the aurora borealis, &c. The same view is taken by the Government Astronomer at Mauritius; and the fact of cyclones being especially prevalent at the maximum period of sun spots, and especially rare at the minimum period, is now, we understand, fully recognized by underwriters in undertaking risks in Indian seas. Taking the figures which the Madras Government Astronomer could place at his disposal, which unhappily extend only over a period of

sixty-four years, Mr. Hunter showed that they indicate the existence of a cycle of eleven years, during which the sun-spots fall to a minimum and rise again to a maximum, and that the rainfall corresponds to a remarkable extent with the degree of solar maculation. The six periods of minimum sun-spots have in every instance been periods of very deficient rainfall, averaging 37 inches against 48½ inches, which is the normal Madras average. This minimum of sun-spots and of rainfall occurs in the eleventh and second years of each cycle; in the present case 1876 was the eleventh year of the cycle which began in 1866, and 1878 will be the second of the new cycle which began in 1877. Of the six droughts of which we have record since 1810, four have occurred in the eleventh year of the cycle, and two in years immediately adjoining. After the second year there is a rapid increase both in sun-spots and rainfall till they reach their maximum in the fifth year of the cycle, when the rainfall averages 58 inches; it then declines, more gradually than it rose, till it again reaches the minimum in the eleventh year. We cannot of course attempt to follow Mr. Hunter's ingenious calculations in support of this theory; the least that can be said of it is that it calls for the very gravest attention, and that every scientific facility that money can afford for its verification ought to be forthcoming. England could not help India more materially than in thoroughly investigating the phenomena of the case, and we sincerely trust that, from some quarter or other, funds will be available for such exact and prolonged observations of solar maculation both in this country and in India as the best scientific authorities may consider desirable for testing the accuracy of the theory now propounded. One most alarming probability which it suggests is that the year 1878 will be as bad as 1876 in respect of rainfall, and that consequently the troubles of Madras are as yet only at their commencement.

In the next place, the enormous mortality calls, we think, for much more thorough explanation than the Indian authorities have as yet offered. There is a strange and horrible contrast between the promises of the Government and the facts of the case. On the one hand, the Government announces a policy at once powerful and humane:—"We say that human life shall be saved at any cost and any effort; no man, woman, or child shall die of starvation. Distress they must often suffer; we cannot save them from this; we wish that we could do more; we must be content with saving life and preventing extreme suffering." On the other hand, we learn that half a million of people have "died of starvation," that a sixth of a population of twenty millions is likely to perish, and that the average excess in the monthly mortality, due directly to famine, has been for many months together not less than 50,000. Yet a high Madras official, such as Mr. Dalzell, writes complacently to the *Times* to say that there "can be no possible doubt that everything that can properly be done by the State towards keeping people alive has been done from the commencement, regardless of cost." Does Mr. Dalzell then mean us to understand that, when all that can properly be attempted has been done, this horrible sacrifice of human life is a legitimate consequence? If it is, the grandiose humanity of the Government Proclamation comes to very little. But the English nation will assuredly not be content with this offhand and easy-going disposal of the case. They will insist on knowing whether this wholesale mortality is inevitable, and, if not, to whose mistakes or negligence it is owing. The figures themselves are full of significance. For instance, the death-rate in the ten distressed districts rose from 21,000 in October, 1876, to 56,000 in December, 82,000 in January, 1877, since which it declined to 59,000 in April. What was the cause of this terrible addition to the monthly death-rate? We have heard much of discussions between Sir R. Temple and the Madras Government as to the necessary amount of nutriment to be doled out to the starving recipients of State charity; and we know that the rate on which he insisted, against the protests of the Sanitary Commissioner and the murmurs of the Madras Government, has now been abandoned by orders of the Secretary of State. We do not, of course, hold Sir R. Temple responsible for the increased mortality. But the question remains, and ought to be answered, what was the cause of so sudden and terrible an addition to the victims of famine? Was it due to Government mismanagement, or to causes so powerful that Government, standing by with its eyes open and its hands full of money, and benevolently resolved to prevent the loss of human life "at any cost and any effort," was unable to combat them? The Sanitary Commissioner predicted an enormous loss of life consequent on Sir R. Temple's measures; were his predictions verified? Till we know this we are not in a position to be satisfied by Mr. Dalzell's agreeable assurances that "all that could be properly done" has been done, and that no person and no system is to blame.

One explanation which the facts suggest is that the revenue administration system of the Presidency is a far less perfect and efficient machine than it is the fashion to describe it. The revenue authorities are looked upon in India as the guardians of the well-being of the rural community. They are supposed to be the incarnation of efficient, wise philanthropy—exactng taxes, it is true, but exactng them only in due proportion to the popular resources which they are engaged in developing. At the head is the Board or other central authority; then come the Collectors, each presiding over a district, and responsible for its welfare as well as for its land-tax; under the Collector comes an army of subordinate officials, ending at last in a class of village Headmen, who are generally hereditary, and always on the most intimate relations with their fellow-villagers.

Nothing can look better than this machine on paper; how is it then that it works so ill? How is it that the Government, with such an administrative hierarchy at its command, cannot, even with the most lavish expenditure, prevent millions of people from dying? We have read harrowing accounts of thousands of famished wretches pouring week after week into the city of Madras from the surrounding districts, and thus producing a pestilence. How is it that the Collectors of these districts were ignorant of this distress, or unable to deal with it on the spot? Surely facts of this description suggest that this elaborate machinery is not so good as it looks, that somewhere or other there are portions out of gear, worn out or ill contrived. The Collectors are no doubt excellent fiscal officers, and collect taxes with laudable punctuality; but are they much more? Do they really know, or have they the means of knowing, the real condition of the country? Can they really get at the peasantry around them, ascertain the proper way to assist them, and provide for the carrying out of local measures of relief? We do not say that they cannot, for the system is so close that it is difficult for an outside critic to know much about it; we do say, however, that the failure of the Government on the present occasion to prevent loss of life on a monster scale suggests that the administrative system is in some way out of gear or inadequate. If a Collector had his district well in hand when a time of dearth approached, if his information was complete, accurate, and thorough, if his subordinates were efficient and pure-handed, if the village officials were in the slightest degree fit for their work, such horrible miscarriages as that on the present occasion could scarcely, we imagine, come about.

Again, we think it is pretty clear that far more might be done to put the country in a state of defence, so to speak, against famine, and to enable the rural classes to pass through times of dearth with comparative impunity. The Duke of Buckingham has recorded his opinion that few great irrigation schemes remain to be attempted; but is it certain that all existing schemes have been worked to the utmost, and that minor works of utility might not in numerous localities be set on foot? We believe it to be the case that very few of the thousands of tanks with which the Presidency abounds are in as complete efficiency as they might be. Mr. Dalzell, himself, we believe, a member of the Board of Revenue, admits that much remains to be done in the way of stimulating the people to dig wells and so protect themselves from famine. He says with truth that the Government does not claim revenue in respect of crops grown on land irrigated from new wells; and this is no doubt one form of encouragement. But Government officials might do much more. The machinery exists for the advancing of funds by Government to peasants for purposes of land improvement, and the small degree to which advantage has been taken of this machinery is, to our minds, one indication of that administrative languor which we have suggested as being too generally prevalent. If the revenue officers pressed on the people the wisdom of taking this precaution and offered them funds for the purpose, we cannot but think that the people would be ready to accept the offer; and we believe that it is to increased activity in this direction that we must mainly look for help in future emergencies.

Lastly, the events of this famine appear to favour the doctrine advocated by Lord Mayo that, wherever canal water is brought to the people's fields, they should be compelled to pay for it whether they use it or not. This is one of those interminable Indian controversies on which the best authorities differ, and Lord Mayo's view was, we believe, negatived by the Secretary of State. But it seems to us to follow as a necessary corollary that, if the Government is to assume the duty of keeping many millions of its subjects alive in famine, it must exercise the right of compelling them in comparatively prosperous times to protect themselves. If the Government has to put out the fire and pay for the repairs, it may surely call upon the tenants to insure; and canal irrigation is a simple question of insurance. Every canal has the same history; it cannot show a fair balance sheet because for years and years it has been running up a capital debt while thousands of tons of its water were rolling uselessly away through the reluctance of the people to abandon their old ways of cultivation. Then comes a famine, and there is a rush for water; thousands of acres are brought under irrigation, and remain irrigated for the future; but the lesson has been learnt at a frightful cost of life, property, and happiness. This has happened on the present occasion in the case of a canal made by the Madras Irrigation Company between Curnool and Kuddapah, through a very distressed part of the country. The canal has been in difficulties for years on account of the ryots' refusal to make use of it; when the famine came last year there was a general scramble for water, and crops worth nearly a million sterling have been raised by means of its supplies. But far more might have been done had the system of irrigation been already in general use. As it is, the engineer calculates that he had provided last January for the production of eighty-four million lbs. of food, or enough to support a population of a million for two months. Centres of cultivation and food-supply such as this must be absolutely invaluable in famine times, and we hope that one immediate result of the present disasters will be to lead the Government to consider the question whether something more might not be done, not only to extend canal irrigation, but to enforce its prompt use on the ignorant, careless, and unenterprising peasantry whom it is called upon at such inconveniently frequent intervals to rescue from destruction.



## LOCH MAREE.

IT may be assumed that the Queen's visit to Loch Maree will bring that grand and picturesque region to the knowledge of many people who till now had never before heard of it, or at least only vaguely. Loch Maree indeed can hardly be said to be exactly a new discovery, at any rate among Scotchmen. It has had enthusiastic votaries for a number of years past, but they belonged to a small and select class who could appreciate the romantic magnificence of the scenery in spite of difficulties of locomotion and commissariat; their æsthetic pleasure being in fact rather enhanced by these conditions, and by the reflection that they kept off the vulgarizing multitude of ordinary tourists, and secured undisturbed enjoyment to the fortunate pioneers who were naturally by no means desirous of having their solitude invaded. During the last few years greater facilities for travelling have been provided, but even now West Ross-shire does not come within the regular tourist route. Possibly the seclusion of that part of Scotland has been due, in a certain degree, to its not having been celebrated by Scott like the Trosachs and the Western Islands. In the summer of 1814 he was one of the guests on board the yacht of the Lighthouse Commissioners, when making their annual inspection, and had a good opportunity of seeing the coasts, but not the mainland, of the extreme North. The yacht touched at Cape Wrath—that "dread cape," as Scott calls it, "so fatal to mariners," which is the extreme point of Scotland in the north-west, and without any land in the direct line between it and America—for Mr. Stephenson to choose a site for a lighthouse on the summit. The Cape is a high promontory, with steep sides that go down to the breakers and render the access very dangerous. There was then, as now, no landing-place, except a small creek about a mile and a half to the eastward, where the foam of the sea still "plays at long bowls with a huge collection of large stones, some of them a ton in weight, but which these fearful billows chuck up and down as a child does a ball." The country round the point is hilly, but there is not, as Scott says, anything striking or dignified till "the coast assumes the true Highland character, being skirted with a succession of picturesque mountains of every variety of height and outline; these were the hills of Ross-shire, a waste and thinly-peopled district in the extremity of the island." Scott, however, only saw the peaks in the distance, and so missed catching a glimpse of Loch Maree, or even hearing of its existence. The consequence was that, while there was a rush of travellers to the lower Highlands which the Wizard had opened up to the world, the grandest mountain scenery in Scotland, that of West Ross-shire, was, as lately even as 1858, almost unknown and unvisited, except by a few adventurous pedestrians. The adjoining county of Sutherland has shared a similar fate. Mr. St. John, in 1848, went in a boat on wheels, accompanied by a naturalist and an interpreter, as if on an Arctic expedition; and the general solitude of the region is described by the answer which a native gave to a tourist's inquiry whether it was not rather unfrequented:—"Weel, there was a pit pedlar body yesterday, and there's yoursel' the day."

There are several routes to Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire, the one most in accordance with ease and luxury being that afforded by the Highland Railway, and the steamer from Kyle Akin or Oban. It is held, however, by competent authorities that the best, though not nearest, way is by steamer through the Hebrides, either by the Kyles of Bute, the Crinan Canal, and the picturesque waterways leading to Ardnamurchan and Gairloch (not to be confounded with the Dumbartonshire Gareloch), and so on to Loch Maree; while for more robust travellers there is the line taken by Messrs. Hutcheson's Skye steamers, which leave the Clyde in the evening and go round the rough sea outside Cantyre, and then between the jagged mainland and a long chain of islands:—

Ulva dark, and Colonsay  
And all the groups of islets gay,  
That guard fair Staffa round.

There can be no doubt that the upper part of the water passage, which is the same in both routes, gives a view of the most glorious scenery. But the most complete and interesting way of exploring the remarkable region comprising Sutherlandshire and Ross-shire is undoubtedly by combining the different routes in one. This is done by taking the Highland Railway to Lairg, and then, either by vehicle or on foot—for here the railway stops—making for Altnaharra Inn, and so on to Loch Erribol and Cape Wrath; thence down the western coast to Achnasheen and Kinlochewe, the latter being at the eastern end of Loch Maree; and finally to Gairloch, where the steamer for Oban is to be found. This plan also gives an opportunity of taking a run up to Dumrobin, and of observing the laborious drainage and other operations for giving fertility to the soil which the Duke of Sutherland is carrying on in the neighbourhood of Lairg, with slow, but it may be hoped sure, success. Indeed, wherever one goes in Sutherlandshire, one sees on every side proofs of his practical sagacity and liberality. The sufferings of the Sutherland people at one sad period are well known, but the late Mr. Loch's book disposed of the exaggerations and misrepresentations which were made much of as against the then Duke, who only obeyed a necessity created by circumstances, and the present one is now developing in every way the resources of this part of the country. The leading roads, for instance, are everywhere excellent, though there are no doubt tracts still to be found which remind one of the assurance of a Scotch minister to a well-known obese Scotch judge, as an inducement

to visit his parish, that "there was a bridle road to within twenty miles of the place." The cottages present a great contrast to the mud and turf huts of other days; and travellers are under a special obligation to the Duke for the comfortable inns which are scattered along the chief lines of communication. There is a story of a tourist who was always troubled with a certain kind of depression when doing the lower Highlands, and could never quite make out whether it was the stupendousness of the mountains or the heaviness of the innkeepers' charges which were too much for him, and weighed upon his soul. In Sutherland this problem does not arise, for though the hills are sufficiently high and awe-inspiring, the innkeepers' bills are comparatively low, while the houses are invariably most snug and comfortable, the supplies good, and the landlords obliging and polite. This is due to the strict personal supervision which is made, not only by the agents, but by the Duke himself, who knows every inch of the country, and often carries his rambles into unexpected quarters. His method of taking care of visitors is described by a witness of experience as that of "furnishing good houses, and looking out for good people to keep them, and then putting the good people on good terms with the good houses by having no rent to intervene between them; the consideration in lieu therefore being, that the wayfaring man shall be well and cheaply entertained; and the contract is faithfully fulfilled." It must be remembered that the accommodation is in some respects homely, and that certain luxuries are unattainable; but a man must be a hopeless sybarite who would not be more than satisfied with such inns as those at Loch Inver, Scourie, Duress, Tongue, Altnaharra, and so on, combined with the noble views, exhilarating air, and salmon fresh from the stream or loch, which are a new and ecstatic revelation to those who know only the stale, soaked fish on the fishmongers' boards. The native population, which contains a certain infusion of Lowland blood, is also a fine race, with good proportions, intelligent faces, and much simple and genial gentility of manners, in the true and best sense of a much-abused word.

As to the prevailing character of Sutherlandshire scenery, a guide-book says, "The extensive county of Sutherland presents the striking peculiarity of having the whole of its surface of 1,800 square miles under sheep, with the exception of a narrow border of arable land along its coast." It has appeared to other observers that large parts of this county might with equal truth be said to be under deer and under water. The number of lakes astounds the traveller who is not prepared for it. Lairg is the chief part of a parish which has about twenty lakes and five rivers, one of which, Loch Shin, is twenty-four miles long, a mile in mean breadth, and very deep. Mr. Andrew Young, of Invershin, who has written a capital *Tourist's and Angler's Guide* to the North of Scotland, reckons up two hundred lochs in one parish, and more than a thousand in the county. In fact, the whole number has never been counted, and there are probably many lochs or lochlets to be yet discovered. These are of course not all of the size and grandeur of Loch Shin, Loch Hope, or Loch Erribol; a great number of them are only cups and basins, but, taken altogether, these various accumulations of water, with their tributaries of streams and waterfalls, afford a vast supply over a large area. This abundance of water is certainly one of the most conspicuous features of Sutherlandshire, and makes the joy of adventurous anglers, though some of the fish are very shy and difficult to get at. But apart from the fishing, the tourist is charmed by the flashing of the lily-decked waters as he goes along, especially in the vistas and sinuosities of the line from Riconich, between walls of mountains, and by the routes along the coast, which are a series of undulations, now soaring into high peaks, and now sinking into bottomless pits, while the salt, strong, cool breeze from the Northern Ocean makes his cheeks glow. Nothing can be more superb and noble in its way than the unbroken series of towering mountains from Cape Wrath to the Point of Ardnamurchan, which, with various degrees of elevation, walls the Atlantic for seventy miles. There is, however, it appears, a difference of opinion as to what are the finest features of Sutherland scenery. Some incline to its gloomy and terrible aspects, in precipices and yawning fissures, while others prefer the lower hills with their abundant pasture and flocks. Mr. Young is intense in his admiration of those of which he can say, "Here you have no heather, and but few rocks—green as a meadow to the tops." Besides, as he argues, mountains are for feeding sheep, and the more sheep fed the more beautiful the mountains.

We have in this long ramble been rather neglecting Loch Maree; but it is a scene of which an adequate and vivid impression can be obtained only by seeing it, and it is incapable of description in words, or even on canvas. The road to it from Ullapool, the starting-place of the steamers for Lewes, passes by the side of Loch Broom, and through much fine scenery. Then there is another long walk, with the help, however, of train and coach, to Achnasheen and Kinlochewe, at the eastern end of Loch Maree, where there is a good inn, and whence a coach runs to Gairloch, along the side of the lake—a glorious drive or walk of twenty miles. From Kinlochewe there is what it requires a stretch of courtesy to call a road, to the wild and inhospitable regions of Loch Torridon, which is worth seeing on account of the gloomy desolation of the place. As for Loch Maree itself, it runs north-west, and is about eighteen miles long, and rather more than two miles at the broadest part, where there is an island embowered in dense foliage, called Eilean Maree—on which it is said the

anchorite St. Maroo lived—and a cluster of islets. Here there is a good general view of the lake, and of the stately bulk of Ben Slioch, rising in an uninterrupted mass, so that its rifts and gullies are visible from base to summit. Then comes another picturesque chain of rocks, and further west a wide amphitheatre of mountains, peaked and grey, though of graceful contour. The vegetation of the sides of the loch, consisting of tall trees and ferns, is very varied and luxuriant. There is now a picturesque inn in the Scotch baronial style, built by Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, at a projecting point in the loch, where the good views are, near Slattendale. Then there is a rising road, with a wide, comprehensive view of the loch and its surroundings, which leads to Gairloch; and the passage by steamer to Oban affords a view of scenery which in its rugged beauty is very impressive, including Lochs Hourn and Nevis, and the inner side of Skye, with a backward glance at Slighachan and the Coolins, or, as they are called by a fancy name, Cuchillins. Altogether this region may be said to be, perhaps, the finest in picturesque grandeur that exists in the kingdom, if indeed anywhere in Europe.

#### COOKS OF A PAST AGE.

IN these days cookery is a very general topic, but its literary pretensions do not by any means come up to the standard of the last century. The cookery of the eighteenth century occupied a different social position from that of our own time. Ladies now learn to cook for the sake of their social inferiors; their aim is to reform the bungling incapacity of the labouring classes, and put them in the way of making wholesome appetizing messes at the least cost and waste—a benevolent endeavour to which we wish all success. A hundred and fifty years ago the fare of the poorer classes was pretty well settled in people's minds;

Bacon, beans, salt beef, and cabbage

formed the ideal of plenty with all concerned—farmer and labourer, mistress of the family and pastoral poet. Invention, ingenuity, taste, were all exercised in another field—the high table—and that with more aim and intention than now. In our day, if the cooking is good, the main object is attained; but formerly the eye and fancy had their claims. There was a poetry, such as it was, in the old dishes, which our present system discourages. They had to look tempting, to provoke inquiry, interest, and expectation. At a modern dinner-table the eye looks on flowers; but it may be suspected that the dishes from which our portion is cut behind our backs want the graces, the arts of adornment and setting off, that were once deemed essential. The side-board furnishes no theatre for the picturesque in this department of art, no triumphs for the eye; nor, again, for those innocent frauds—dearer, we suspect, like all enigmas, to the inventor than to those practised upon, but yet not unregretted for the artist's sake, as a lawful diversion incident to his calling—wherein the subject-matter underwent a transformation, and the taste and sight of the eater were at odds till the puzzle was found out. As where "pig was dressed to look like lamb," "lamb to eat like pig," and "pike to eat like sturgeon"; where mincemeat, pressed into a mould and cunningly stained with herbs, put on the semblance of melon; where veal was stuffed into the skins of fishes, and fried parsnips were shaped into a likeness of trout. What artist of our day, we wonder, could perform this last malicious feat? But river-fish in those days were important and deemed worthy of imitation, exercising a good deal of the cook's thought and skill.

The whole phraseology of the old cookery-book takes a higher tone than the modern; it is as if the writer had an artist's sense of a calling, and was conscious of a class of readers accustomed to be addressed with respect and a careful choice of words. Thus Mrs. Elizabeth Moxon, whose bills of fare might have furnished one of those good dinners to which Dr. Johnson did such justice, introduces her *English Housewife* as a book necessary to mistresses of families, and confined to things *Useful, Substantial, and Splendid*, calculated for the preservation of health and upon the measures of frugality; she having been induced to engage in this undertaking at the instance and importunity of many persons of eminent account and distinction; assuring them and the "World" that she has acquitted herself with fidelity. Accident has given, as it seems, an unmerited pre-eminence to Miss Glasse in this branch of science for which there were many competitors. She stands alone indeed in many minds as the only authority of a past age; but we find her claim set at naught in a work entitled a book of "Professed Cookery," the author of which devotes an essay to that "*Lady author*," in which "her cookery is detected." This writer sets forth her own superior right to dictate as having taught cookery thirteen years in Newcastle, after being mistress of an inn eighteen years, and made many young ladies good housewives, and tradesmen's daughters good housekeepers, and been particularly happy in meeting the applause and thanks of many of the first rank.

But, however grave and weighty their language, the palm of literary distinction in this line does not belong to these good ladies, but to a brother artist, William Verral, master of the "White Hart" in Lewes, who shows a true vein in his *Complete System of Cookery*, published in 1758, and brings kitchen life very vividly before us. His collection of recipes is enriched by a character of the eminent Mr. de St. Clouet, some time cook to His Grace the

Duke of Newcastle, under whom he learnt his calling, and is enlivened by a preface on the difficulties thrown in his way by the barbarisms of the ordinary kitchen service of that day:—

"I have been sent for many and many a time to get dinners for some of the great families hereabouts. The salute generally is, 'Will' (for that is my name), 'I want you to dress me a dinner to-day.' 'With all my heart, Sir,' says I; 'how many will your company be?' 'Why, about ten or twelve, or thereabouts.' 'And what would you please to have me get, Sir, for ye?' 'O,' says the gentleman, 'I shall leave that entirely to you, &c.' My next step was to go and offer a great many compliments to Mrs. Cook about getting the dinner. The girl, I'll say that for her, returned the compliment very prettily, by saying, 'Sir, whatever my master or you shall order me to do shall be done as far and as well as I am able.' But Nanny (for that I found to be her name) soon got into such an air, as often happens on such occasions. 'Pray, Nanny,' says I, 'where do you place your stewpans and other things you make use of in the cooking way?' 'La, Sir,' says she, 'that is all we have' (pointing to one poor solitary stewpan, as one might call it), but no more fit for the use than a wooden hand-dish. 'Ump,' says I to myself, 'how's this to be? A surgeon may as well attempt to make an incision with a pair of shears or open a vein with an oyster knife as for me to pretend to get this dinner without proper tools to do it.' At length, wanting a sieve, I begged of Nanny to give me one, and so she did in a moment; but such a one! I put my fingers to it and found it gravelly. 'Nanny,' says I, 'this won't do, it is sandy'; she looked at it, and angry enough she was. 'Hang our Sue,' says she, 'she's always taking my sieve to sand her nasty, dirty stairs.' But, however, to be a little cleanly, Nanny gave it a thump upon the table, much about the part of it where the meat is generally laid, and whips it into the boiler, where I suppose the pork and cabbage was boiling for the family, gives it a sort of rinse, and gave it to me again, with as much of the pork fat about it as would poison the whole dinner; so I said no more, but could not use it, and made use of a napkin that I slyly made friends with her fellow-servants for, at which she leered round and set off; but I heard her say, as she flirited her tail into the scullery, 'Hang those men cooks, they are so confounded nice. I'll be whipt,' says she, 'if there was more sand in the sieve than would have lay upon a sixpence.'"

This man made use of the opportunities afforded by intercourse with his distinguished master, "whose temper was so sweet that he made everybody cook about him, conversing with affability to the kitchen-boy, and then by a sweet turn in his discourse and his genteel behaviour giving pleasure to the first steward of the family. Having read a little, he never wanted something to say, let the topic be what it would." The universal genius thus tenderly commemorated was better known to the English public as Chloë, as we are told he was "vulgarily" called; yet so Horace Walpole designates him in a paper in the *World*, where he speaks of the "transformation that Chloë and other great professors have introduced into the science of hieroglyphic eating"; a system superseded first by sugar and Saxon china figures of harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses, and the whole system of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and, at the time of his writing, "by more manly ways of concluding our repasts":—

It is known that a celebrated confectioner (so these architects of our desserts still humbly call themselves) complained that, after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their *entrée*. "Imaginez-vous," said he, "que milord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond!"

To cooks of such inventive genius the passion for turtle which was then beginning to rule some tables must have seemed vulgar indeed. We read an account of a turtle feast given by an importer of this delicacy (a true enthusiast), who is represented as investing himself in preparation with coat and waistcoat hanging loose about him, anticipating that by the time "he had spoke with the turtle" he should stretch them as tight as a drum. The guests arrived, an eager crowd, to the moment, their punctuality being accounted for by the inconvenient idiosyncrasy of the hostess, who could not endure her husband's favourite food, but sent off the shell before her to the other end of the table. Thus her neighbours, unsuccessful in their struggle for a seat beside their host, found themselves stranded in the insipid vicinity of a couple of boiled chickens; their pain aggravated by witnessing the welcome given to the supplementary dish by occupants of the favoured end, who, regardless of entreating voices and imploring eyes, would not part with their prize till every choice morsel had been devoured.

Having given the contrast between the prevalent fastidious luxury of some tables and the downright gluttony of others, we must add an example of the Spartan simplicity of fare supposed to have prevailed in households of the same date, but far removed from these pernicious examples. The late Mrs. Fletcher had a distinct recollection of hearing, when a child, John Wesley preach in Tadcaster Church—the vicar of which was favourably disposed towards him—the venerable beauty of his look engaging her attention to his words. The subject of his discourse was the alarming advance of luxury in England, which he illustrated by a fact coming within his own experience. In his young days his mother used to make one apple serve for the family dumpling, whereas he found that many apples were used for that purpose to satisfy the tastes of children of the time in which he then addressed them.

Every reader must feel that not only the poetry of feasting, but literature itself, loses something by the fashion that banishes the eatables of a banquet to the side table. Sight stimulates, not only the appetite—though perhaps in these degenerate days fashionable appetites would be overpowered by the stimulant—but even the mental faculties. The reader is alive to an intelligent sympathy with Pepps on this point. Who can peruse one of his bills of fare without an interest remote from the vulgarities of the subject? We quote one over which his heart swells with a host's exultation, the rather as the cook-maid who achieved so



distinguished a success deserves a place by the side of masters in the art:—"We had a fricassee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carp in a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie; a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble and to my great content. Very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the more that my dinner was great and most neatly dressed by our own only maid." But it is not usually the donor of the feast that thus enriches our literature. It is through his guests, chosen on the principles of an enlightened hospitality, that the intellectual worth of a good dinner is made evident. And here we must look for the most telling instances to a century later than that in which Pepys wrote. Take Goldsmith, for example; how does his fancy play and scintillate over a well-spread table? Where would have been his two witty poems but for this text or motive? Where especially his "Retaliation," if the dishes to which he likened his friends had never been ranged under his eye in due collocation? The immortal lines on Burke might never have been written if the tongue garnished with brains had not caught his fancy and set it going. And his satire finds its lash in the same scene. Witness the visitation dinner, where a well-received joke about egg-sauce leads to that "excellent story," which never finds an end, concerning a farmer who supped every night on wild duck and flummery. Again, the select dinner at Lady Grogan's, where there happened to be no assafedita in the sauce for the turkey; or, again, that other feast where the turkey in the second course proves the bird of discord between two affianced lovers; but we must leave further illustration from the records of past good cheer to the memory of our readers.

#### COLONIAL DEFENCE AND CONFEDERATION.

A NEW yearly volume of the "Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute" recalls to mind the observations suggested a twelvemonth ago by the debates of that interesting club on "Imperial Federation." There is another species or order of federation, that of separate geographical groups of colonies, as in the actual Dominion of Canada and the proposed South African political union. This has recently engaged some attention, not only at the Royal Colonial Institute, but in the Colonial Office and in both Houses of Parliament. The inconclusive debates of the Institute may perhaps shed a few gleams of light upon that question. It happens, too, oddly enough, as we were informed by a late Australian mail, that these discussions have become the indirect cause of a Ministerial crisis in New South Wales. We need therefore offer no apology for attempting a brief explanation of the subject. Its bearings, moreover, upon the merely speculative question of a new political constitution for the whole British Empire should not be overlooked. The volume before us furnishes plenty of undesigned testimony confirming our previous views of that unpractical idea so enthusiastically put forward by the staff of the Institute, so coldly regarded by substantial colonists. It is probable that the formation, upon grounds of local expediency, of those subordinate confederations of adjacent provinces which British statesmanship has now distinctly approved, would supersede the notion just referred to, at least for the present, by exhibiting nearer centres and readier modes of union. Political theorists may still be left to predict its future result in preparing for an ultimate federal league of Great Britain with several great English commonwealths, each formed by consolidating the minor colonial divisions of its own region. We do not care to anticipate such airy discussions, or to criticize a pleasing vision which may or may not be realized by the events of the twentieth century. But there is one rather urgent consideration to be pleaded in favour of a more definite and systematic arrangement than exists now between the administration of the Home Government and that of remote self-governed provinces of the Empire. This concerns, from our point of view more especially, the feasibility of some fixed contributions from them towards supporting the burden of their naval and military defences. A different point of view is naturally taken by gentlemen personally interested in the colonies, meeting each other at dinners and conferences in Regent Street. They feel rather more desirous to be invested with some little control over the disposal of Her Majesty's land and sea forces in order thereby to provide for the complete protection of colonial shores and trade. The disinterested amateurs of Imperial Federation, in their self-appointed advocacy of the claim which they have invented for the colonies to a share of the sovereign prerogative, had for a moment seemed to meet that natural desire. It was a bubble which must presently have collapsed, as we took occasion to notice last year, at the touch of a cool inquiry how far the Colonial Legislatures would be prepared to tax their people in aid of our costly permanent warlike establishments. We should hope next to see whether colonial patriotism can be expected to stand a similar test imposed by the creation of separate federal unions, each required to make a certain amount of provision for its own defence. The Dominion of Canada has already, by its public-spirited and efficient measures, practically returned a very satisfactory answer to this question. South Africa, if it chooses to accept confederation, will be invited to do the same in a different form, by arming itself to prevent a possible Kaffir invasion. But an opinion has long prevailed that

the Australasian colonies will never have to trouble themselves about military matters. We find some indications of a suspicion to the contrary in the papers read to the Institute, and in the conversations upon them during the past session. These at the same time afford curious illustrations of the want of a common understanding between the several provinces of Australia, not to speak of Tasmania and New Zealand. Colonial defences, in short, must be discussed, if at all usefully, with reference to suitable confederations of colonies allied by position, or by their needs and opportunities of defence. British America and British Africa have yielded to this law of nature; Australia must sooner or later follow their example. We scarcely think Australian public opinion has yet reached a fair apprehension of this state of affairs.

The Agent-General in London for New South Wales, Mr. William Forster, read to the Institute last January an essay which he entitled "Fallacies of Federation." It was not the "Imperial," but the subordinate and merely intercolonial pattern of confederation, that he took some pains to disparage. He dealt rather sarcastically, by the way, with a speech delivered not long before, in favour of an Australian confederation, by Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor of New South Wales. For this controversial freedom, which was resented, sincerely or affectedly, by the authorities at Sydney, Mr. Forster got a severe official reprimand from the Premier, Sir Henry Parkes. He called it an act of gross impropriety, disrespectful to the Governor, and an uncalled-for opposition to the Imperial policy. This gave rise to a party conflict, as Mr. Forster had been at one time Premier, and was Sir Henry's political rival. There were vehement debates last June, both in the Legislative Assembly and in the Legislative Council. A vote of censure upon Sir Henry for the letter he had written to Mr. Forster has lately been followed by his resignation. The new Ministry, that of Sir John Robertson, consists of Mr. Forster's friends; but we do not understand that it is pledged to stand by his objections to an intercolonial federation. Few people in this country would care to hear of the personal dispute, or could appreciate the position of an Agent-General for a colony here. It does not concern us at all; and Mr. Forster is quite welcome, for our part, to criticize not only the South African scheme of Lord Carnarvon, but the project of uniting his own colony with Victoria and its other neighbours. His arguments passed, of course, with the members of the Royal Colonial Institute for as much as they seemed worth, like those of Sir Julius Vogel or Mr. Edward Jenkins when holding a similar official post. We may leave to the colonists themselves whatever is to be said, or has already been said, in various quarters about the local and economical advantages of confederation in Australia with regard to commercial tariffs, railways, and assisted immigration or labour supply. But with regard to naval and military establishments for the defence of those colonies, if the arguments upon the question of confederation touch the necessity for these, it is time for a word to be said on behalf of this country. Mr. Forster told his fellow-colonists that Great Britain was bound, in case of war, not only to protect her colonies, but to bear the cost of their protection under all circumstances. They need not therefore ever think of confederating to provide for themselves any means of defence. There was no call, he seemed to intimate, for system and combination or mutual concert in their local efforts of this kind; only let each province remain free to enrol a militia or volunteer force, according to its fancy, and to fortify any part of its coast if it should think fit to do so.

This negative argument, implied when not asserted by the Australian opponents to confederation, involves a dangerous assumption, which should, in justice to British interests, not pass unchallenged. It was encountered with much ability, four months later, at the May meeting of the Institute, by Captain J. C. Colomb, in his remarks on "Imperial and Colonial Responsibilities in War." Captain Colomb has, during some years past, studied and expounded a plan of systematic naval and military defence for the entire British Empire. Its merits seem to deserve separate consideration; but its first postulate is the necessity of dealing with the British possessions and the main lines of maritime communication all over the globe, as one whole. Our land and sea forces must be so mobilized, and so kept ready for instant concentration and direction here or there, as to prevent the possibility of a successful attack upon any of the "strategic points" commanding our main roads of ocean traffic. As Hong Kong and Singapore are the keys of our commercial intercourse with China, so are Fiji, Sydney, with the near coaling port of Newcastle, and King George's Sound in West Australia, the keys of our Australian dominion. But these places lie exposed to sudden attack both from the Russian naval stations in the North Pacific and from those of the United States, which are about half the distance of Great Britain from Australia. In order, then, to hold our own in the Pacific, we must look to the defences of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, where nature has given us an abundant store of coal for our steamships. We must construct the promised Canadian railway across the North American continent. Australia cannot anyhow be defended by a partial or fragmentary provision irrespectively of the Empire at large. Much less can its safety be left dependent on the detached and desultory action of its separate provincial Governments. One of these will perhaps do something, its neighbour will do something else, while the others will do nothing at all. Forts have been constructed in Sydney harbour, and there is a monitor gunboat in the harbour of Melbourne. We now hear that New

South Wales is bargaining for the purchase of a Portuguese iron-clad corvette, a sea-going ship of war. But South Australia, by the latest accounts we have read, does not possess a gun, and has not raised a volunteer corps. West Australia, which occupies, with South Australia, nearly two-thirds of the entire continent, has only the ordinary guard of its penal establishment for some of our own convicts. Sydney has a commodious naval dockyard, which cost 320,000*l.*, established, we presume, by order of the Imperial Government before New South Wales had to govern itself. A speaker at the Institute, we observe, who has held high office at Adelaide, was not aware of this establishment. The forts and dockyard of Sydney, and the port of Melbourne with its docks, would require in war time the protection of large military garrisons, unless a naval squadron could remain there for simple harbour duty. But such employment of our navy, in Captain Colomb's judgment, would be a fatal mistake. Its proper business is to clear and to keep free and open the important lines of ocean transit. A fleet equipped for this service, though ever so powerful, would be debarred from action if the points between which it should operate were not firmly held by sufficient military forces. Australia cannot, therefore, be allowed to rely upon constant immediate protection by the navy from Great Britain. It could not, as we all know, expect in time of war to command the immediate protection of our army. The obvious conclusion follows, that it must, to ensure its own safety, imitate the policy of Canada by setting on foot a colonial militia fully adequate to its garrison service. Australia should maintain forces of its own able to resist, with the best appliances of modern warfare, the landing of five thousand regular troops of any European or American Power.

The sound advice of Captain Colomb at the Institute was supported by several experienced naval and military men, but was received with ominous silence by many representative Australian colonists. One who did speak upon the occasion expressed his opinion that it would be quite enough for the colonies to do if they kept a gunboat and some torpedoes for each of their chief commercial ports. Another doubted whether they should permit the Imperial Government to maintain a naval dockyard or any such warlike establishment on their shores. The same gentleman, a South Australian, thought so little of King George's Sound that he believed an enemy could do no great harm by seizing that harbour, which is a port of call and coaling station for the mail steamers. In general, those who professed a willingness to bear part in the active defence of the British Empire were the ambitious advocates of an Imperial Federation. This is not very encouraging, but we trust that an Australian Federation, or Dominion of Australia, may yet prevail to create a more wholesome public opinion, such as exists in the Dominion of Canada. It may be reserved for the next generation, if the present be not ripe for it; Australia has not, indeed, like Canada, the stimulant of a long frontier, with an independent rival, or more than rival, in her close vicinity. Canada is twice as old as Australia, and has nearly twice as great a population. She has a not inglorious history, and the more distant British colonies would rather gain in dignity by following her lead.

#### THE PENGES CASE.

ABOUT midnight on Wednesday last, when tired Londoners were thinking of bed, the hoarse voices of the street paper sellers, crying a special edition of the *Globe*, announced the termination of a trial which has occupied the attention of the Central Criminal Court for seven days, and which, through the medium of those tedious and unnecessarily detailed accounts which the facilities of modern reporting enable the daily papers to supply, has been forced upon the notice even of those who do not habitually pay much heed to criminal records. It is a well-known legal tradition that for stern sickening horror few things on earth can compare with the effect of a sentence of death passed at a night sitting, and in this particular case all that could tend to heighten the impression was present in a remarkable degree. There were four persons to be sentenced, the eldest of whom was only twenty-eight years old; two of them were women; and they were found guilty of as deliberate and cold-blooded a murder as any ever committed in this country, the victim being, moreover, the wife of one of the prisoners, the sister-in-law of another, and related to the other two. Then the method of the murder was exceptional, not violence, nor even the insidious administration of poison, but the hideous process of slow, carefully regulated starvation, prolonged from month to month with the view of attaining the desired object surely if slowly, and at the same time averting suspicion, when that object should be attained, by the specious appearance of natural disease. Though the summing-up of Mr. Justice Hawkins left but little option to the jury of finding any of the prisoners guilty of the lesser offence of manslaughter, if they came to the conclusion that the capital crime had been committed, yet there was always the possibility that the jury might find it consistent with justice to take the more lenient view in the case of the female prisoners; and the long-drawn gasp which ran through the Court when the foreman returned the verdict of guilty against Alice Rhodes showed that, in her case at least, the finding came upon the audience as a surprise. Again, though the prisoners were only being tried for the murder of Harriet Staunton, there existed grave suspicion, amounting in the mind of the Judge who

tried the case to a certainty, that a child had shared the fate of its mother and at the same hands. An undercurrent of adultery between two of the prisoners completed the dreary surroundings of the case.

In all rational points of view, doubtless, wife-murder is the most heinous of all forms of the capital offence; but there exist reasons why it should not be the most uncommon. Unless a man loves his wife, or unless, on finding out the mistake he has made in his choice, he has the wisdom and self-command to make the best of the situation, indifference may rapidly grow into distaste, and distaste into hatred, and we have the highest authority for knowing how near akin is hatred to murder. Besides, the enforced companionship which originates and fosters the distaste and subsequent hatred, affords many opportunities for gratifying it. Even where there is no definite ill-will, a brutal ruffian in a fit of passion or drunkenness is pretty sure to vent it on the person handiest and least able to resist him. One way or another, it is unfortunately the fact that wife-murder is so common in England that an ordinary case of it excites no particular interest, and that it requires the introduction of an exceptional monetary or social element, as in the De Tourville case, or of circumstances of peculiar brutality, as in the Penge case, to stimulate the languid curiosity of a generation well nigh sated with stories of battle, murder, and sudden death, to attract crowds to the Old Bailey and promote the publication of newspapers at midnight.

Owing probably to the concurrence of so many characteristic features in the Penge case, there has been no lack of excitement on the subject, and the verbatim reports we have above referred to, and the leading articles devoted to the topic in all Thursday's papers, render it quite unnecessary even to recapitulate the facts of this the latest "mystery," as it seems to be the fashion indiscriminately to term a cruel murder or an ingenious automaton. The mercenary marriage contracted by Louis Staunton with a semi-imbecile woman twelve years his senior, his neglect and cruelty, his adulterous intimacy with Alice Rhodes, the removal of Harriet Staunton to a secluded hamlet in Kent, with only Patrick Staunton and his wife for neighbours; her incarceration in their house, and gradual exhaustion by starvation and neglect, carried out with remorseless persistency by the four prisoners in concert; her miserable journey to Penge, and death there—all these are fresh in the memory, and imagination supplies details left undisclosed even by the accumulated mass of evidence. It is horrible to think of the agonies of the wretched victim's prolonged confinement at the Woodlands. She seems in her feeble way to have loved her husband, and that husband she at least knew was neglecting her for another woman; she was suffering the pangs of hunger, and her child was suffering the same before her eyes, while the scanty supplies of food doled out to her may have induced the belief that her present privations were merely temporary and unavoidable; naturally cleanly and neat in her habits, and given to dressing well, she was kept in dirt, misery, and lack of clothing, sufficient in themselves to have shortened her life. But imagination itself fails to conceive the state of mind of those who, related more or less closely to their victim, persisted in their cruel plan of action until they had attained their wicked object.

When we come to seek for the motives which prompted the crime, with regard to two of the prisoners, Louis Staunton, the husband, and Alice Rhodes, these are sufficiently apparent. Louis Staunton wanted to be rid of his wife, and Alice Rhodes probably hoped to marry him after that wife's death. The strongest evidence against her consisted in the contents of a letter in which, writing to Louis Staunton, she clearly contemplated the occurrence of that death at no very distant date. It is, however, but fair to state that, the letter itself being lost, the knowledge of its substance rested only on the testimony of Clara Brown, a servant at the Woodlands, whose evidence was in every way and for many reasons eminently unsatisfactory. But what were the motives which induced Patrick Staunton and his wife to risk their lives by becoming accomplices in a plot which could not under any circumstances bring any benefit to themselves? They were paid a pound a week for keeping the unfortunate woman in their house; the bribe was too insignificant to form the ground for committing murder; and it was therefore to their interest that she should live as long as possible. The letters produced which had passed between Louis Staunton and his brother show that there was real affection between them, and it may be that the one redeeming feature in this, as in the Wainwright case, is to be found in the existence of deep brotherly attachment on the part of persons otherwise seemingly dead to all human feeling. The judge rejected the theory that Mrs. Patrick Staunton acted under the compulsion of her husband, and her motive is therefore still more inscrutable. If these persons were not actuated by affection to a man whose worthlessness they must have known, we are driven to the theory that they risked their lives for the gratification of mere wanton cruelty—a proposition which seems scarcely tenable.

The legal aspects of the case are simple. If a person who has cast upon him by law, or has undertaken by contract, the duty of providing the necessities of life for one unable by ill-health, insanity, or other disability to provide them for himself, neglects this duty, with the express intention of producing death or grievous bodily harm, and death ensues from such neglect, this constitutes murder. Again, if a person in ill-health be removed under such circumstances that the removal is obviously likely to cause death, this, where there is nothing to rebut the presumption that it was done with evil intent, also constitutes murder. Of course any person aiding and abetting—that is, participating with full knowledge



—in the commission of such offence is liable in precisely the same degree as the principal offender. It was probably on the first of the above definitions laid down by the learned judge, and in respect of the confinement and starvation at the Woodlands, rather than the removal to Penge, that the verdict of the jury was based. The doctrine of the non-responsibility of a wife when acting in the presence or under the dominion of her husband, the defence so successfully set up on behalf of Mrs. Tarpey in a well-known case, was invoked in aid of Mrs. Patrick Staunton in the late trial; but the judge told the jury that it afforded no excuse in a case of murder, and seemed further to suggest that the evidence went to rebut the idea that Mrs. Patrick Staunton was anything but a free agent.

One more scene there must be in this wretched business—the execution of some of the convicted felons. There seems little ground for extending mercy to either of the men; but we believe it has become almost a tradition of the Home Office not to hang a woman; and this, combined with the recommendation to mercy of the jury, may serve to save the lives of the female prisoners. We cannot conclude without solemnly protesting against what strikes us as not one of the least hideous incidents of this trial; we mean the presence of women in court. That a ribald mob, of which women form at least as large a proportion as men, should through the public part of the court and choke the surrounding streets, those outside cheering, and those inside no less unmistakably manifesting their brutal glee when the verdict of guilty is announced, not from any sense of vindicated justice, but from mere satisfaction that they have got what they have so long waited for, is bad enough; but that well-dressed women and girls who are of at least sufficient social standing to secure seats on the Bench, and who have presumably had a more refined and refining education than that afforded by the streets or the study of the *Police News*, should voluntarily pass whole days, and finally sit till eleven o'clock at night, in the stifling atmosphere of the Old Bailey, following the sickening and often unmentionable details of a murder case, is fifty times worse. Yet persons of this class were present on each day of the trial, and in greatest force on the last day. If such people would only behave quietly and decorously, they might at least delude those who are necessarily present into the idea that they were possibly actuated by motives other than morbid curiosity. This is apparently, however, a course of conduct beyond their mental capacity or power of self-control. The airs and graces of petty feminine vanity are imported into the court of justice, and feminine frivolity, untempered with feminine modesty, brings an incongruous element of levity into the most solemn proceedings. Champagne luncheon was improvised when the Court adjourned on Wednesday, as though the occasion were a match-day at Lord's, and opera-glasses were freely used for concentrating the "stony British stare" upon the wretched prisoners, especially when one or other of them broke down under the terrible suspense or the shame of the position. Newspapers were introduced to beguile the time when the evidence or summing up was uninteresting—that is to say, neither ghastly nor unfit for women to hear. The female prisoners behaved with something very nearly approaching to dignity during the trial; the wife sought to console and encourage her husband, the sister her sister. A comparison instituted between the female occupants of the dock and the bench in respect of propriety on this particular occasion would have been singularly unfavourable to the latter. Mr. Justice Maule once cleared a court of women by a happy use of his gift of satire, and we should have been glad if Mr. Justice Hawkins, scarcely his inferior in this respect, had followed the precedent.

## REVIEWS.

### MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POEMS.\*

THE appearance of an edition of Mr. Arnold's poems which the author calls complete, though it contains neither "Merope" nor "Lucretius, an unpublished tragedy," nor one or two small pieces of which we have a recollection, is an occasion that may well be turned to account by those who wish to determine in what his charm over them consists. For an exact appreciation of Mr. Arnold's genius, for the precise definition of his place in English poetry, perhaps the time is not yet come, but every year brings it nearer. Every year widens the circle of those who recognize in the author of "The Strayed Reveller," "Empedocles on Etna," and "Thyrsis," that "lucidity of soul," that Greek clearness of touch, which nearly thirty years ago a small band of readers discovered in the author of the "Poems by A." Why this should be, why during the last generation a writer who employs no popular arts, and who neither paints nor plays upon any passion, should have so steadily advanced in favour, is a question that is difficult to answer. Perhaps one cause of the fact, so creditable to the reading class in England, may be that his *Essays in Criticism* have taught us to judge.

A mind so individual, so clearly marked off from other minds, defies all attempts which a mechanical criticism might make to refer it to the circumstances out of which it grew; but traces of

certain influences are visible in the poems, and it is the critic's business to follow them out. It is natural that the poetry of one who believes so firmly in culture, and who defines one element of culture as "much reading," should be full of literary reminiscences—of titles, of phrases, of ideas that are derived from books. In the first place, Mr. Arnold is steeped in Greek poetry; the "Fragment of an Antigone" reads not like a translation of Sophocles, but like what Sophocles might have written had he written in English; and "The Strayed Reveller" is a voice from the world

Where Orpheus and where Homer are.

That severer reading, which has borne its fruit in Mr. Arnold's later writings, appears in such patristic studies as "Stagirius"; and it goes without saying that the problems of the modern world have come to him complicated with the thoughts of those who have best expressed or faced them—Goethe, Byron, Wordsworth, and the great French writers of this century. When the "Poems by A." first appeared, Wordsworth was still living, "by England's lakes in grey old age"; and it is natural that one of the strongest of all the influences to be detected in these poems should be that of the old man in whose very presence their author may almost be said to have grown up. But the limits of this influence are clearly defined. The strength and the weakness of Wordsworth's poetry may alike be explained by his optimistic view of the theoretical relation between man and nature; by his belief (if we may so formulate it) that man's distance from happiness may be exactly measured by his distance from nature. "He grew old in an age he condemned," as Mr. Arnold says; and the reason why he condemned it was because he saw mankind turning away from the field and the mountain to unlovely industries, to the vast town "hiding the face of earth for leagues," to the "many-windowed fabric huge," with its enslaving labour. To Wordsworth happiness for high and low meant harmony with nature, in a sense different from the Greek sense; it meant Lucy "hunting the waterfalls," or the Cumberland shepherd keeping watch on the hills, or the poet meditating among the Borrowdale yew trees. What nature was to him in the different stages of his life is nowhere told more clearly than in the "Lines composed above Tintern Abbey"—familiar lines which it will be worth while to recall, because, as it happens, they give us an admirable opportunity for what we have immediately in hand—a comparison of the two poets' ways of looking at nature. We do not know that any one has ever pointed out the curious resemblance, at least in externals, between these lines of Wordsworth's and one of the most central and representative of Mr. Arnold's poems, that called "Resignation," which, though it is included among the "early poems," is full of his most mature philosophy. "Tintern Abbey," it will be remembered, is a monologue of the poet on returning with his sister, after five years' absence, to the scene by the Wye, with the "soft inland murmur" of its waters, its steep and lofty cliffs, its peaceful apple orchards. The silent influence of this scene has never been absent from him in the interval, has given him sweet sensations in hours of weariness, has passed into his "purer mind" and softened all his actions, and has even contributed to

that blessed mood  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world  
Is lightened.

But the actual sight of the place has a more vivid effect, and brings home to him the difference between what nature was to him five years ago and what she is now. The time when "the sounding cataract haunted him like a passion," when "like a roe he bounded o'er the mountains," is gone; and now nature comes to him laden with "the still sad music of humanity":—

And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

Such was external nature to Wordsworth; in his youth the satisfaction of an appetite that felt no need of "a remoter charm by thought supplied," and later, the satisfaction of that pantheistic belief which, at least during the middle years of his life, was undoubtedly his religion. Mr. Arnold's poem *Resignation* is framed like Wordsworth's; it is an address to "Fausta," suggested by their walking together the same mountain paths, by Wythburn and Watendlath, as they and their young kindred had trodden, a "boisterous company," ten years before. The scene before them is not so directly the subject of the poem as in Wordsworth's case, but it is introduced to help out the answer to the question that had been previously raised—the question as to which ideal is preferable, attainment or resignation, active joy or passive acquiescence. To fierce struggling natures, to the pilgrim bound for Mecca, to

\* Poems. By Matthew Arnold. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

the Goth bound Romeward, to all "whom labours self-ordain'd enthal," death or attainment is the only alternative; but milder natures, those who are freed from passions, mourn not that they are bound to obey the eternal necessities, and

Claim not every passing hour  
As handmaid to their striding power.

Which aim should ours be? See, Fausta, says the poet, the course we took ten years ago and are taking now (and the lines in which he paints it bring back to many more than Fausta the never-ending charm of those fair places), see, all is the same now as then, the hills, the July sunshine, the gentians, the brook, the rusheas. Down below we met a tribe of gipsies. Do they ever, as chance brings them back to places they once knew, moralize on the changes of the times and their own increasing hardships? No, they "rubbed through yesterday" and will rub through to-day. The poet, too (to take an instance from the other end of the scale), whatever he beholds—and he beholds everything, the courts of kings, the beauty of women, the crowded life of cities, the loveliness of morning meadows—whatever he beholds he "bears to admire uncravingly":—

Lean'd on his gate, he gazes—tears  
Are in his eyes, and in his ears  
The murmur of a thousand years.  
Before him he sees life unroll,  
A placid and continuous whole—  
That general life, which does not cease,  
Whose secret is not joy, but peace;  
That life, whose dumb wish is not miss'd  
If birth proceeds, if things subsist;  
The life of plants, and stones, and rain,  
The life he craves—if not in vain  
Fate gave, what chance shall not control,  
His sad lucidity of soul.

Do not reply that the gipsies, who feel not, and the poet, whose power of escape from life's iron round is his compensation, are below and above humanity. See, the world in which we live and move is eternal; it outlasts all passions, it outlasts even death. Then blame not him who, with this permanence of the world and the unreality of passion in mind, pronounces human care all vain. The noblest aim that we can have is, not to amuse, but to set free heart; to await no gifts from chance; to win room to see and hear, and so draw homeward to the general life. And, if this seems inadequate, what then? :—

Enough, we live!—and if a life,  
With large results so little rife,  
Though bearable, seem hardly worth,  
This pomp of worlds, this pain of birth;  
Yet, Fausta, the mute turf we tread,  
The solemn hills around us spread,  
This stream which falls incessantly,  
The strange-scrawl'd rocks, the lonely sky—  
If I might lend their life a voice,  
Seem to bear rather than rejoice.  
And even could the intemperate prayer  
Man iterates, while these forbear,  
For movement, for an ampler sphere,  
Pierce Fate's impenetrable ear;  
Not milder is the general lot  
Because our spirits have forgot,  
In action's dizzying eddy whirl'd,  
The something that infects the world.

We have dwelt so long on these parallel poems because they so well represent the way in which natural objects, brought home to the mind by striking associations, affect these two poets. Nature is to Wordsworth "the soul of all his moral being"; it is enough for him, it is alive for him, he sees no imperfections in it. To Mr. Arnold it is rather something to be acquiesced in, lavishly beautiful, no doubt, but wholly careless of man, and going relentlessly and independently on its eternal way. As he says in "Empedocles on Etna":—

Nature, with equal mind,  
Sees all her sons at play;  
Sees man control the wind,  
The wind sweep man away;

Allows the proudly-riding and the foundering bark;

and again, in one of the early sonnets:—

Man must begin, know this, where Nature ends;  
Nature and man can never be fast friends;

and again, in "Dover Beach":—

Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and fight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Yet it must not be supposed that this attitude towards nature, against which Wordsworth would have protested, indicates a want of susceptibility to natural beauty. Those lines already quoted, where the poet's function is described, would be sufficient to refute this, if, indeed, every page of the poems did not refute it, if "Obermann" were not keen with Alpine air, and "Thyrsis" not the loveliest picture of the calm Thames landscape that a son of Oxford ever drew. To Wordsworth, for developing this sense in him, he gives ample acknowledgment:—

But he was a priest to us all  
Of the wonder and bloom of the world,  
Which we saw with his eyes, and were glad.

It was Wordsworth, he says, who "made us feel":—

He too upon a wintry clime  
Had fallen—on this iron time  
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.  
He found us when the age had bound  
Our souls in his benumbing round;  
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.  
He laid us as we lay at birth  
On the cool flowery lap of earth,  
Smiles broke from us and we had ease;  
The hills were round us, and the breeze  
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;  
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.

Never indeed was Stoic so open to impressions from without as this poet is; but then never did Stoic distinguish more clearly between that which comes from without and that which comes from within. No force of will or imagination can blend the two into one, or can absorb the individual soul into the essence which Wordsworth believed to "run through all things." Man will find his happiness, not by flinging himself in utter abandonment on the breast of nature, but by frankly recognizing his separation from her, his self-dependence, learning lessons from her, it is true, but taking his best and most abiding lessons from her severer aspects, from "the cone of Jaman, pale and grey," from the stars that go upon their course

Unafrighted by the silence round them,  
Undistracted by the sights they see.

If this idea were all, however, Mr. Arnold might be no more than a moralist; and whether a moralist is or not to be considered a poet depends on the form into which he throws his reflections. "Poetry," he himself says in one of his essays, "is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective way of saying things." Criticism of poetry, therefore, when it has decided that the things are worth saying, resolves itself into asking the question—Are they beautifully, impressively, effectively said? Indeed the world seems in this case to have answered affirmatively; for this demand for new editions can hardly be put down to a spread of quietism in our busy, passion-stirred times, and it must be the loveliness of the expression that wins readers at least as much as the ideas. "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar Gipsy" are indeed, so far as mere expression goes, absolutely perfect poems; by which we mean that the music of their sound and the details of their imagery are in absolute harmony with the train of ideas through which the poet wishes to lead us. What hand, again, has ever painted in such fashion the poetic atmosphere that may brood over the "black Tartar tents" in "the hush'd Chorasman waste"? or who, save perhaps Byron in one song and Shelley now and then, has so rendered the silence of the sea deeps?—

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,  
Where the winds are all asleep,  
Where the pent lights quiver and gleam,  
Where the salt weed plays in the stream, . . .  
Where great whales come sailing by,  
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,  
Round the world for ever and aye.

An almost unique gift, too, of Mr. Arnold's is that power of which "the bright procession of eddying forms" of "The Strayed Reveller" is the most brilliant example, and which appears again in "Philomela"—that power of seeing Greek scenes with the eyes of a Greek artist. But these instances of perfect literary expression are, it must be owned, not so much without exception in Mr. Arnold's verse as in his prose. In spontaneous music, in instinctive accuracy of ear, he must be placed below some three or four poets of our time. That anapestic blank verse, for example, of which he is so fond, and of which so far as England is concerned, he seems to be the inventor—the metre of "Heine's Grave" and of "Rugby Chapel"—is dangerously easy to write in, and it would not be difficult to point out flaws of rhythm in those poems which are written in it. And here and there may be recognized, even in the latest edition, a slip of expression that has escaped the revising hand. Shall we repeat a long since uttered criticism of the last line of the magnificent sonnet on Shakspeare—that a brow can have no voice?

But why, after all (and this is our only serious indictment), why are these poems so soon "complete"? Why has that pen remained for all these years, if not inactive, at least content with prose, which, however perfect, is confessedly not "the most beautiful, impressive, and widely-effective way of saying things"? We should be glad indeed if we could hope from Mr. Arnold, now that he has closed that chapter of his literary activity of which *Literature and Dogma* was the beginning, that fresh individual experiences might find utterance—that *Last Essays* might be followed by *Last Poems*.

#### MR. FROUDE'S ANNALS OF ST. ALBANS.\*

(Second Notice.)

TO track Mr. Froude, even when he professes to be following a single book, is no easy task. To give references, after the manner of humble searchers into facts, would doubtless be beneath the dignity of one who has to deal with the "equation of man" and the "dynamic forces of humanity." And indeed with most writers references would in such a case hardly be needed. But Mr. Froude is so erratic, he leaps backwards and forwards with such activity, he thinks so little of talking about a thing two or three

\* *Short Studies on Great Subjects.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Third Series. London: Longmans & Co. 1877.



centuries before or after its time, that to compare him and his single authority is by no means a case of keeping two books open before us, and looking at each in turn. And when Mr. Froude does now and then wander off to another book, though only to another book of the same author, the difficulty of following him naturally becomes greater. Still we have, though with a very considerable amount of labour, tracked him through several more centuries by the *Gesta Abbatum*—that is, by Matthew Paris up to a certain point, and by Thomas Walsingham, or those whom he copied, afterwards—a process which involved turning now and then to Walsingham's own English History. But we must confess that, when we had done with Thomas Walsingham, and had to turn instead to John Amundesham—of the endless forms of the name we of course take that which is followed by Mr. Riley—we began to be a little weary. However, by the time that Thomas Walsingham forsook us, we think that we had seen quite enough to judge of the wonderful way in which Mr. Froude can turn about the details of a plain story, when he has nothing to do but to tell a plain story in his own words.

We have already tracked Mr. Froude to the reign of Edward the Confessor, and in one case a little beyond. But before he comes to tell the story of Abbot Frithric after his fashion, he has told some stories of the twelfth century in a way in which it needs a very careful reader to see that they do not belong to the eleventh. In Mr. Froude's chronology, two centuries seem to pass between Edward the Confessor and the later days of Henry the First. And, when he gets to the later time, he cannot copy the simplest inscription or tell the simplest story without making it something different from what it is in the book. The controversy whether St. Alban was really at St. Albans was held to be settled by finding a body with a legend "Sanctus Albanus." So it stands in the *Gesta*. Mr. Froude improves it into "Hic est Sanctus Albanus." The difference is not great; yet the two words which are inserted by Mr. Froude might seem to give a controversial air to the inscription, and thereby to take away from the value of its witness. So there is a queer story about one Herbert Duket, who, passing before the high altar at St. Albans (ante majus altare dum forte veniret), suddenly found himself cut short to the size of a monkey, but who, on his penitence, was brought back to his former height (*Gest. Abb. i. 86, 118*). According to the story, the reason for this punishment was that he was "possessionibus Sancti Albani inlestus," and his repentance took the form of promising to make satisfaction. Mr. Froude's version is quite different:—

A person of the neighbourhood, one Herbert Duckit, declared that one day when praying at the shrine he felt an emotion of incredulity. He found himself suddenly shrivelled to the dimensions of an ape, and returned to his natural size only when he renewed his convictions.

Here, whereas in the original legend Herbert is by some chance near the high altar, Mr. Froude makes him pray at the shrine. The nature of his transgression is changed. From a doer, it would seem, of some kind of vulgar damage, he becomes an intellectual sceptic. He has emotions and convictions, of which there is not a word in the real legend. Such emotions and convictions may, for aught we know, be among the "dynamic forces of humanity." Certainly, when Herbert Duket was brought back again to the size of other people, it might fairly be called the "equation of man."

Mr. Froude has now reached the Norman Abbot Paul, put in by Lanfranc, and he takes the opportunity to give his views of the Norman Conquest:—

The change was in all ways beneficent. The days of ease and idleness were over. In Church and State the Norman Conquest meant the end of anarchy—called in modern language "liberty,"—and the inauguration of order and discipline. We travel rapidly in these historical sketches. The reader flies in his express train in a few minutes through a couple of centuries. The centuries pass more slowly to those to whom the years are doled out day by day.

Here Mr. Froude is quite right; in his sketches we do indeed travel very rapidly. To those to whom the years are doled out day by day in patient study and comparison of the original writers they do pass much more slowly. But the slower way of doing things has its advantages; those who follow it may attain to—it is but a small thing to attain to—the power of expressing in English the meaning of a plain piece of Latin. Readers who fly in express trains seem not able to compass even this small amount of accuracy. For instance, in the very next page (21) Mr. Froude shows that his train went so fast that he did not stop to find out the name of him whom, to follow out his metaphor, we may call the guard. He attributes a genuine piece of Matthew Paris to the mere editor Thomas Walsingham. About Abbot Paul Matthew has much to say—amongst other things, that very pretty story about the bells given by Liulf and his wife which Mr. Froude leaves out. We are now concerned with only one of Paul's acts. He destroyed the tombs of the English Abbots, which Matthew Paris thus tells:—

Quod nullo modo potest excusari, tumbas venerabilium antecessorum suorum abbatum nobilium—quos rudes et idiotas consuevit appellare—delevit, vel contemnendo eos quia Anglicos, vel invidendo quia fere omnes stirpe regali, vel magnatum preclaro sanguine, fuerant procreati.

Mr. Froude can tell us, what Matthew does not mention, the exact position of the tombs, and he has quite a different story as to the stranger Abbot's motives:—

As a mark of disapproval of the loose ways which had been so long tolerated, the austere Norman destroyed the monuments of his predecessors on the floor of the chancel, and "spoke of them as idiots and blockheads."

In short, Mr. Froude's notions about the Normans, put forth with the oracular dogmatism of a man who may have given the

subject a few moments' thought, just "to escape vacuity," are truly wonderful. "They were Nature's policemen, whose mission was to substitute law and order for self-will and self-indulgence." Does Mr. Froude drink to the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of William the Red, perhaps of Robert of Belesme? And he picks out a most singular function for these "Nature's policemen." He tells us that—seemingly in the fourteenth century—"unmentionable vices are alluded to as practised in the sleeping-rooms, as the Norman hand loses its grasp." Mr. Froude gives no reference, and we cannot find the "allusion"; but what is "the Norman hand"? Dr. Kenealy talked some nonsense about a "Norman hand" in the course of the Tichborne trial. What Mr. Froude means by the "Norman hand" it is hard to guess. But if Mr. Froude fancies that his Normans specially loathed the class of sins which he somewhat needlessly conjures up, we can only say *μακαρίστους σου τὸ ἀναιδέα καὶ τὸ ἀναιδέα καὶ τὸ ἀναιδέα*. It is plain that Mr. Froude has not yet read his Eadmer or his William of Malmesbury. He tells us indeed (p. 34) that "ebrietas per apostolum enumeratur inter opera Turcarum." In the *Gesta* (ii. 103) it is "opera tenebrarum," and it was hardly the duty of any apostle to denounce in advance any possible breaches of the rules of the Koran. In p. 32 he goes out of his way to give the worst meaning to a word which in his text means simply usurers; but he clearly does not know much of the state of things in the days of darkness under the Red King, when "lucernarum usus erat intermissus."

We pass on to a later Abbot, Simon, who (*Gest. Abb. i. 193*) borrowed six hundred marks of the Jews, and who left that and other sums unpaid at his death. The story goes on:—

Unde Aaron Judeus, qui nos tenuit sibi obligatos, ad domum Sancti Albani, in superbia magna et jactantia, cum minis, veniens, jactitabat se feretrum beato Albano nostro fecisse et ipsi de hospitato hospitium de pecunia sua preparasse.

Now hear Mr Froude:—

In the twelfth century Aaron of Winchester, a noted money lender of the day, presumed to present himself at the sacred gate of the abbey. Of course the porter spurned at him. As he turned away he flung an invective behind him, which stung by its truth. Proud as the martyr's shrine might seem, it was he—he, the despised Jew—who had found the gold with which it was inlaid. To him the monks owed the very roof over their heads, yet he was unworthy to set foot within their walls.

Now we cannot say that there was not an Aaron of Winchester; but, in default of evidence to the contrary, we shall believe that the Aaron spoken of is Aaron of Lincoln, a very well-known man indeed in the time of Henry the Second. The reader himself will easily see that all about the porter—doubtless a proud young porter—all about the roof over the monks' heads, all about the Jew being unworthy to set his foot within their walls, is due to Mr. Froude's combination of "inventive power" with failure to construe a Latin sentence which, we must allow, needs to be read twice over.

Still perhaps we have not got into the full blaze of day. Abbot Paul and Abbot Simon and Aaron the Jew may possibly seem to the general reader to be personages about whom none but pedants would care whether what is said was accurate or not. But the general reader himself has heard of the Great Charter. He may even be supposed to have heard the names of some of the men by whom the Great Charter was won. One would think that he must have heard of Robert Fitz-Walter, Marshal of the army of God and of the Holy Church. But to Mr. Froude that great name seems to carry with it no meaning. Yet Matthew Paris, as if foreseeing that his work might fall into the hands of the unlearned or unbelieving, took great pains to explain who Robert Fitz-Walter was. He was (*Gest. Abb. i. 220*) "Robertus filius Walteri, cui vix aliquis comes in Anglia potuit equiparari. Erat enim in armis strenuus, animosus et superbus, multis abundans possessionibus, generosus, et potentum consanguinorum numerositate et affinium septus multitudine ac roboratus." Further on (*Gest. Abb. i. 229*), to mark him yet more clearly, it is added, "Incipiente guerra constitutus est Robertus dux exercitus insurgentium in regem; unde in titulo litterarum suarum se 'constabularium exercitus Dei nominabat.'" Will it be believed that in Mr. Froude's narrative "Robertus filius Walteri" is translated "Sir Robert Fitz-william"? To confound a common Walter and a common William might be no more than the everyday carelessness of a careless man; but to turn this Robert Fitz-Walter into "Sir Robert Fitz-william," without hint or comment, as if he were the most everyday person in the world, shows plainly, among several other signs, that of the great events of the first years of the thirteenth century Mr. Froude has no clear notion.

Now Robert Fitz-Walter had a dispute with the abbey; and he had an accomplice in one of the monks, William Pygon, who died in a singular way:—

Contigit . . . ut . . . super sedile in secretiori dormitorio, matutinarum oblitus, sederet, referto ventre, potibus inebriatus et cibariis ingurgitatus. Inclinato capite igitur, cepit dormitare, et dormitando strepitum stertere tædioso. Et sic de ebrietate in soporem, de sopore in mortem subitam, gradatim transmigravit: forte frigore correptus, set potius, ut credi potest, divina percussus ultione. Nam cum cessasset per tracheam ebulliendo prestrepere, audita est in cloaca, ubi moriens sedebat hæc vox manifeste reboare, "Cape, Sathan; cape, Sathan."

So Matthew Paris. Mr. Froude's wholly different story runs thus:—

One night, to console himself, he secreted a pasty and a flagon of wine, and not daring to enjoy himself where he would be seen, he carried his spoils to the cloaca. There seated he got drunk and fell asleep, and the night being cold he was frozen to death. In his joviality he had trolled catches

which the frightened brothers conceived afterwards to have come from a chorus of devils; voices had been even overheard shrieking "Catch him, Satan! Catch him, Satan!"

The sleeping man's snoring is here turned into a jovial man's singing of catches; but whence come the pasty and the flagon of wine to be consumed in the singular refectory chosen by Mr. Froude?

Space warns us that we must choose only a few more of the tales—due only to his own "inventive power"—which Mr. Froude throughout substitutes for the narratives—first of Matthew Paris, then of Thomas of Walsingham. We will only point out some of the queerest among many performances of other kinds, leaving any scholar who chooses to trace out others for himself. Take, for instance, the death of Abbot John of the Cell, who began the west front, but could not finish it. Mr. Froude calls him "the most interesting of the Norman Abbots after Abbot Paul." Why "Norman" we cannot guess. As John was born "non procul a viculo qui Stodham dicitur," he was not Norman *natione*; as he was "ex medicis prosapia oriundus," he was most likely not Norman *genere*. In the *Gesta Abbatum*, i. 244, 249, will be found Matthew Paris's very touching account of his death. In pp. 26, 27, is another account by Mr. Froude, which we fully allow is also very touching, but which differs in most of its details from that of the earlier writer. For instance, in the version of Matthew Paris, the abbot dies in his own chamber; in the version of Mr. Froude he dies "in the infirmary on the hard stones." When Abbot William of Trumpington dies, the monks pay the King three hundred marks for a *congé d'élire*, and for the wardship during the vacancy. That is to say, they bought of the King the revenues of the abbacy during the vacancy (*Gest. Abb.* i. 306). Mr. Froude raises the price to a thousand marks, and leaves out about the wardship, being possibly a little puzzled at this odd bit of feudal law. In Matthew Paris they pay the Pope certain moneys, the amount of which is not mentioned. Mr. Froude rules the sum to have been "another thousand marks." That, when any architectural works are spoken of, Mr. Froude misunderstands every detail, is not wonderful. In page 313, Matthew Paris complains that, though there was an impression of the Pope's seal on the top of the tower, the church was none the less struck by lightning. Instead of this Mr. Froude (p. 31) sets up the Pope's "arms" over the gate, and sets fire to the "house" instead of to the church.

We now turn to the second part of the *Gesta* which comes to us from Thomas of Walsingham, the earlier part of which, as Mr. Riley seems to have shown, must have been copied by him from a work of William of Rishanger. The part which is undoubtedly Thomas Walsingham's begins in 1308. He had much to say about the rebellious doings of William of Somerton, Prior of Bingham, one of the dependent houses of St. Albans. The story is a long one; the most grotesque bit is when certain rebellious monks of Bingham are brought to St. Albans and put in prison. Then, says Thomas of Walsingham (ii. 131):—"Tandem, interventu fratrum, de carcere liberati, permixti sunt sequi conventum, more elastrali; ultimati tamen fuerunt, et in processionibus solemnibus et privatis conventum præcedebant, ferreis compedibus alligati." In Mr. Froude's version "the priory was forced, and the monks were made to walk in procession in chains to St. Alban's." We never heard of anything more grotesque than the picture of this chained procession walking solemnly to St. Alban's all the way from the distant Norfolk cell.

We are now in the time of Edward the Second, and Mr. Froude favours us with a short sketch of his end. "He was deposed and murdered in a revolution." Doubtless this is true in a sense, but it would convey to no one the idea that he was regularly deposed by Parliament and afterwards secretly murdered by private assassins. Mr. Froude then (p. 40) goes on to tell a story of Queen Isabella, which he places in 1327, after her husband's "overthrow." He describes the burgesses of St. Albans as "taking revolution to mean justice." But unluckily he who turns to the place where the story is told—that is, quite out of its place, in iii. 367—will find that it happened in the time of Abbot Hugh, who died in 1326, before the "revolution." It is not perhaps wonderful that Mr. Froude makes the Queen "wave her hand impatiently," when it is not said that she waved it at all; but, as usual, he contrives to leave out the point which is of importance. Mr. Froude says that the Queen "did not understand English." The words of his authority are, "cum non bene intelligeret linguam Anglicam, utpote in Francia oriunda"—words of some importance in the history of language.

We must refrain ourselves from going through the whole of Mr. Froude's account of all that went on at St. Albans during the revolt of the villains in the days of Richard the Second. It is well worth comparing with the original; but we will only mention Mr. Froude's singular views about the days of the week. With him "dies Sabbati" becomes Sunday, and, perhaps not inconsistently, "dies Lune" becomes Tuesday. We may point out also his utter unfairness to some points in the character of Abbot Thomas de la Marc. In page 54 we read that "half his life was spent in lawsuits or distraining for his rents, driving his neighbours' cattle, and starving them in his pounds." And in p. 80:—"Sore at the attacks upon his warrens, he became the strictest of game preservers. The monks complained that they could not be allowed now and then so much as a day's shooting." It is worth while to compare with this the real character of the Abbot as given in *Gesta Abbatum*, iii. 6, 401. He was one of those men who are found here and there in the middle ages,

who were remarkable for their tenderness to animals and their dislike to the sports of the field. The story of the impounded cattle, which Mr. Froude represents as the Abbot's common practice, was a thing that happened once under special circumstances. The Abbot distrained fifty beasts; at first, "de sua compassione," he caused them to be fed; he offered to restore them to the debtor if he would give security. The debtor refused either to give security or to feed his beasts; then, when the Abbot's lawyers told him that he would lose his right if he himself fed the beasts, he allowed them to starve. We are afraid that Mr. Froude has not studied the law of distress, as it stood in very recent times.

These specimens are, we hope, enough to show the real character of what Mr. Froude ventures to call "Annals of an English Abbey." With a single book before him, he cannot, or will not, tell the story as it stands in the book, but gives us instead a different story out of his own head. We ask again, If we find Mr. Froude dealing thus with everyday materials where every one can test him, how can we accept on his showing any single fact which is said to come from inaccessible quarters where we cannot test him? We open one of his volumes at a shot (*History of England*, xi. 296). A certain fact is there stated on the authority of "Mendoza to Philip, June 15, 1581. MSS. Simancas." We have no means of referring to manuscripts at Simancas; but, till we have their real contents certified to us by some one other than Mr. Froude, we shall abide in the presumption that their statements will be found to be about as much like the statements in Mr. Froude's text as the *Gesta Abbatum*, which we can test, are like Mr. Froude's "Annals of an English Abbey."

#### PALEY'S HOMERUS.\*

MR. PALEY is the Suleiman Pasha of the Homeric controversy. He has attacked the orthodox position about the age and personality of Homer almost as often and as fiercely as the Turks have assailed the Shipka Pass. First he advanced cautiously under cover of *prolegomena* to his edition of the *Iliad*. Then he brought up his great guns in papers contributed to the "Cambridge Philosophical Transactions." He next fought a battle or two with Dr. Hayman in the pages of a quarterly review, and then he skirmished briskly in the *Journal of Philology*. Now, perhaps, in the Latin tract he is gathering up his last remaining strength. Like the general to whom we have compared him, Mr. Paley shows perhaps more pluck and resolution than strategic skill. If the victory is to be to the side that can "pound longest," Mr. Paley will enjoy the advantages of not knowing when he is beaten. He seems to admit that he has had no success, has won no disciples. But it would be unfair to say, with M. Pierron, that his views are not worth combating. So persistent a disputant deserves an answer, even if the same old arguments have to be fired off once more from the same impregnable fortress.

Mr. Paley rests mainly on the position that Pindar and the tragedians and the contemporary painters knew and borrowed their materials from a Homer who was not our Homer, but a collective name for an older body of fable; and he is inclined to infer that they did not know our Homer at all. When they deal with the legends of Troy, he says, they introduce matters which are for the most part either not mentioned in our *Iliad*, or stated in a different shape, or but briefly noticed in passing. Dr. Hayman has contested this, and has collected proofs that Pindar and the tragedians did borrow from the poems which we now consider especially Homeric. We might be content, however, though holding with Dr. Hayman, to grant Mr. Paley his premises for the sake of argument. He hints once more, in his present tract, that the painters of the earlier vases coincide with Pindar and Æschylus; that they, too, show little knowledge of our Homer, and a familiar acquaintance with parts of the Trojan cycle which are not to be found in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. In point of fact, this question about the vases cannot be dismissed with a mere allusion. Even in the collection of the British Museum alone, early vases with subjects from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are by no means very rare. Perhaps some five or six men in England have the knowledge which would enable them to discuss the whole question. In the meantime it is enough to say that the best judges are the most reluctant to assign definite dates to archaic vases, and that the vase-painters are known to have been held in the lowest esteem. They would certainly choose the most popular subjects for illustration, following Homer, who tells us that the newest songs are most eagerly listened to, and Pindar, who bids men pluck the flower of the newest songs. Thus, even if Mr. Paley is right in holding that the vase-painters preferred topics not handled in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, it is easy to answer that the more recent and less worthy treatment of the heroic tales had, for the time, superseded in common esteem the more ancient epics. On Mr. Paley's principles it might be argued that Fox's *Book of Martyrs* and the *Pilgrim's Progress* were older than the Bible, if, at a certain stage of the ceramic art, English potters had happened to multiply illustrations of these volumes on tiles. Believing, as we do, that not only the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, but the majority of the poems called "cyclic," were generally known and generally spoken of as Homer's, we see no difficulty in supposing that the vase-painters borrowed subjects from the *Cypria*, *Epigoni*, and so on, in preference to sub-

\* *Homerus.—Periclis Aetate Quinam Habitus Sit, Queritur.* By Prof. Paley. London: George Bell & Sons.



jects from the *Iliad*. As to the tragedians, Aristotle himself declares that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, because they are works of art with one central interest and one climax, contain matter for but two or three tragedies at most, whereas the cyclic poems, with their long and varied metrical chronicle, offered materials for many plays. It may be said that Aristotle here rather strains the traditional reverence for the artistic value of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; but, even so, he proves that the reverence was deeply rooted, and that the two poems which we possess were held to be far superior to the general run of epics. Mr. Paley is obliged to account for this high esteem, which we may guess to have existed in the mind of Herodotus when he refused to allow that the Homer who wrote the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* wrote the *Cypria*. He is obliged to conjecture that Herodotus knew four poems called *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, *Epigoni* and *Cypria*, but that these were not necessarily the poems which Aristotle knew. The first person who committed any of the floating songs to writing, according to Mr. Paley, selected the two former titles and applied them to "an epitome or compilation," which he made from the whole body of epic poetry. The "epitome or compilation," the written *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, gained their pre-eminent place in the affections of Greece because they chanced to be the first fragments of the epic cycle that were committed to writing. Now, even if we allow that writing was not applied to the Homeric poems till the age of Pericles—a concession which it is impossible to dream of making—was there ever such an argument as this of Mr. Paley's? He maintains (p. 1) that very few indeed of the plays of the tragedians even touch on the matter contained in our Homer; and then he asserts (p. 3) that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were an epitome or compilation of the materials which the tragedians knew and on which they worked. "Ea epitome, qua gesta Græcorum et Trojanorum ad Ilium, Achilles virtus, Olixis patientia, perpetuo carmine narrabantur," writes Mr. Paley. This was an epitome made because, "in the yet immature state of the art of writing, it was impossible that the whole immense body of epic song could be written out." And yet this precious compilation of the legendary history of three generations dealt only with two isolated periods of a few weeks, and, according to Mr. Paley himself, scrupulously omitted almost everything that the taste of the age in which it was made—as represented by the vase-painters and the tragedians—considered essential. In reading Mr. Paley's earlier treatises we never could understand whether he conceived the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to be a man of transcendent genius, or what he called a "cooker." Now the "cooker" seems to have fallen to the rank of a writer of *precis*, and probably the worst writer of *precis* who ever existed. In his abridgment of an enormous body of stories he either omitted, or briefly alluded to, or told in a different shape, all the facts that his authorities contained. This was his notion of an epitome, and this epitome at once outdid in popularity all the legends to which the public was attached.

One cause of Mr. Paley's confusion, as we venture to think it, is no doubt to be found in his tendency to identify the lays of Demodocus and other minstrels mentioned in the *Odyssey* with the poems containing the same incidents which afterwards were well known as parts of the Epic cycle. There can be no doubt that the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* knew a large number of early songs and sagas, to some of which he explicitly refers. But there is no more reason to think that these songs and sagas were those which were later written out in the shape of *Epigoni*, or *Cypria*, or Little *Iliad*, than to hold that the late epics of the cycle of Charles are older than the *Song of Roland* because they relate in detail affairs only hinted at in that truly heroic masterpiece. By way of illustration we may compare Mr. Paley's position to that of a man who should say that the *Song of Roland* and *Huon of Bordeaux* are an early epitome of the whole cycle of Charles, and that the countless and confessedly much later poems of the cycle are really the earlier narratives briefly referred to in the poem of the defeat at Roncevaux.

It is impossible here to argue in detail against Mr. Paley's view that the epic poems were not, and hardly could have been, committed to writing before the time of Pericles. He is obliged to take the famous passage of Herodotus as to Greek writing material in a sense which would be thought "non-natural," even by a theologian. "Ionum διπλόπας quas memorat Herodotus ad Athenienses non crediderim pertinere." Herodotus is saying that before the Ionians had papyrus, in days long ago, they used skins for writing material. Skins may not be the best substitute for papyrus; but, in Herodotus's time, it was long that they had been out of fashion. But let us admit that the Greeks did not even possess prepared skins to write on, grant that they had but bark, or the thin sheets of lead we may see in the British Museum, and what follows? Is it impossible in the nature of things that in a "long ago," before the long ago of Herodotus, the Greeks helped their memory of poetry by writing? We know from Schoolcraft's official Report that the Red Indians could and did record their songs on bark by means of rude sketches which gave the cue and aided the recollection. We know that, when Halmund, in the saga of Grettir, was dying, his daughter notched down his long death chant in runes on staves. If savages and barbarians did so much with picture characters and runes, the early Greeks might surely do more with their Cadmean letters. When the man of Ialysus and his comrades in the service of Psammetichus scored their names and the record of their campaign on the leg of the Nubian colossus, they had far better means of writing than the wandering

Northmen who cut their runes on the lion at Athens. It is not easy to see why the more civilized race should have been the slower to apply the art of writing to the aid of memory when poetry was in question. Judging from analogy, and with all due caution, we should say that the presumption is in favour of early MSS. of the epics. With all respect for Mr. Paley's learning as a paleographer, we fail to see that the writing on all early inscribed vases proves want of practice. If it did, we cannot judge of the elementary education of a race by its potters. There is another point where Mr. Paley seems to fail to understand the conditions of the problem. He quotes Wolf's remark that "artem scribendi jamdudum ante Herodotum cognitam celebratamque fuisse," and adds, "concedo, sed de libris scribendis nunc agitur." Now the friends of an early written *Iliad* need not hold that there existed a reading public, or that many books were written. The public still enjoyed Homer merely in recitations, and one prompter's copy in a city, one of the copies called *ai kata πόλεις*, would suffice for Chios or Massilia. It would secure correctness and sequence in public recitations, just as the jongleur's little MS. of the *Song of Roland* and of *Aucassin et Nicolette* aided his memory in addressing his illiterate public. Even before a copy of this sort existed the reciters would not necessarily, as Mr. Paley thinks, alter, add to, and embellish traditional lays. The primitive public, if we may judge by such examples of an unlettered audience as still survive in corners of Europe, liked traditional chants to be repeated in the traditional way. Before the *Kalevala* was committed to writing, the *runoia*, or reciters, were wont to have matches in the art of rhapsodizing. The test which prevented a *runoia* from helping his recollection by his fancy was the collective memory of the hearers. All the world is wittier than Voltaire, and a whole village had a better memory than any one *runoia*.

Mr. Paley, as we have seen, wants to give us a very odd sort of compiler in place of the great poet who composed the epics, in which even Wolf, when he laid aside his critical mood, recognized the admirable unity, the sweeping stream of song tending to one determined event. He kindly allows us, however, to retain some belief that the poems represent a real state of ancient society. But these manners may be merely copied, he thinks, from old lays by the archæologist who "compiled" the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, just as Quintus Smyrnaeus copied from our Homer. The state of criticism and of taste, however, in the time of Pericles scarcely favoured the minute study of ancient institutions. Mr. Paley admits that "all the substance of the poems is very ancient," and then hints that the armour, the chariots, the ships, the gear of the horses, and all the walls, ditches, towers, and forts are much the same in the *Iliad* as they were in the time of Thucydides. We are to fancy, it seems, Brasidas of the ashen spear driving through the ranks of men in his chariot, while Cleon of the loud war-cry hurls large stones at his foes; and the well-greaved Alcibiades delivers an harangue on the mythical glories of the Alæmaeonidae. To tell the truth, the earliest vases show us horses and chariots very much of the Assyrian pattern, with which Homer was probably acquainted. Aristotle mentions one point of Homeric drill—the custom of fixing lances in the ground in front of tents, which the Greeks of his own time had long disused, but which was still practised by the Illyrians. The whole art of war, like all the other arts, had been revolutionized between the time of Homer and the time of Pericles. The researches of Brunn have proved clearly enough that the objects of art which Homer admired, the bowls, cups, brooches, belonged to the style to which the approximate date of the eighth century is assigned. It is to Assyrian art that we must look for pictures of the world that Homer knew, not to the vases of the time of Pericles. We cannot enter into Mr. Paley's theories about the language of Homer. M. Gaston Paris has noticed the difficulty of deciding when a given word is really that of the poet of the eleventh century, and when it is substituted by a copyist of the thirteenth. There is the same sort of difficulty in Homeric criticism. But it is by the comparative study of the epics of half-civilized races, and of Egyptian and Assyrian documents, by constant handling of objects framed in the dawn of true Greek art, and by the instinct of the poetical reader of Homer, that questions as to the date, preservation, and unity of the poems are to be settled. Mr. Paley really proves nothing more than what every one acknowledges—namely, that the tragedians and their contemporaries knew a large mass of heroic legend in addition to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

SAMUEL BROHL ET C<sup>IE</sup>.

IN his latest novel M. Cherbuliez has in two ways performed a remarkable feat. Reversing the ordinary method of novelists who make a secret the centre of their plot—that is, unfolding the mystery at the outset to his readers—he has yet managed to keep up an unflagging interest in its influence upon the personages of the story. In the same author's *Le Comte Kostia* it was easy enough to guess at the more important part of the secret before it was actually disclosed; but the writer did not in that book venture upon the bold step of at once taking the reader into his confidence, and asking him to derive enjoyment from the perplexity into which a set of fictitious characters are thrown for want of knowing as much as he does himself about one of their number. M.

\* Samuel Brohl et C<sup>ie</sup>. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris: Librairie Hachette et C<sup>ie</sup>. 1877.

Cherbuliez's method involves no doubt a somewhat finer art than that of the great master of complicated plots—the late M. Gaboriau. A reader whose attention is mainly fixed on unravelling a tangled maze of incident, artfully encumbered with contrivances for leading him in a false direction, will be content with comparatively rough drawing of character at the hands of the inventor of the maze. He identifies himself with certain of the novelist's personages in their struggle to find a clue to the labyrinth, and he is too much concerned with their varying success in this effort, too anxious to reach with them the desired end, to busy himself with reflections as to what manner of people they really are. It is not intended by this to suggest that either M. Gaboriau or less distinguished workers in his line are incapable of drawing, or at least sketching in, character as it is; but with them close and keen observation of different mental attributes and their consequences is subordinated to the task of finding and linking together a stirring succession of events. It would seem as if they and such writers as M. Cherbuliez start at precisely opposite ends; according to the one method, a writer lays down a certain course which his plot must run, and makes his characters fit into it as best he can; according to the other, he conceives his characters and shapes his plot by what seems to him their natural development. In the present work M. Cherbuliez might as easily as not have provided his readers with the, perhaps frivolous, excitement of a puzzle, and thus saved himself probably some trouble; but he has preferred to rely upon his talent for analysing motives, and for telling a story in a straightforward way, to secure their interest. His success in this is the more creditable because the person to whom is attached the secret on which the story hinges, and who is therefore its central figure, is an impostor without a single redeeming quality beyond his skill in playing on the weaknesses of his fellow-beings.

M. Cherbuliez begins his novel by informing his readers that nothing was more improbable than that Count Abel Larinski and Mlle. Antoinette Moriaz should ever cross each other's paths, as Larinski lived at Vienna, and Mlle. Moriaz never left Paris except to go to Cormeilles for the season. Mlle. Moriaz had never heard of the Count, and he on his side was too much occupied with his own affairs to think of anything else. These affairs consisted of a gun of his invention "qui devait faire sa fortune et qui ne l'a pas faite." The unlikely meeting between Larinski and Mlle. Moriaz took place in the cathedral of Coire, where she was walking with her father, who is described as a member of the Institution, professor of chemistry at the College of France, and one of those philosophers who are fond of dining out, of music, and of the theatre. Mlle. Moriaz attracted attention wherever she went:—

D'abord parce qu'elle était charmante, ensuite parce qu'elle avait une façon particulière de s'habiller et de se coiffer, certains airs de tête, une grâce un peu libre dans la démarche et dans le maintien, qui attireraient l'attention. . . . On disait quelquefois en l'apercevant de loin: Ah! voilà une aventure qui passe. En s'approchant, on était vite désabusé; la pureté de son regard, son air de distinction et de parfaite modestie, écartaient toutes les mauvaises pensées et on lui disait mentalement: Excusez-moi, mademoiselle, je m'étais trompé.

Larinski is so much struck by her appearance that he inquires who she is, but soon forgets her in the consideration of a letter he has received from a Jew money-lender, who, refusing to believe any further in the wonderful gun, refuses also to lend the Count any more money, or even to renew his bills, but makes him a present of some advice, which is to leave guns alone and to look out for a rich wife. While he reads the letter Larinski makes upon it a string of comments, which begin with "Tu l'entends, imbécile! Ce vieux drôle a raison"; and ends with "Le diable vous emporte, toi et ton fusil, ton fusil et toi, tête creuse, tête à chimères, vrai Polonais, vrai Larinski! A qui le comte Abel parlait-il? à un fantôme? à son double? Lui seul le savait." However this may be, Count Abel Larinski reflects on the Jew's advice. Meanwhile, a pupil of M. Moriaz, Camille Langis, arrives post-haste to inquire of his old master if there is any chance of his getting at last a favourable answer to the suit which he has long proffered to Mlle. Moriaz. Mlle. Moriaz, in a conversation with her father, says to him:—"Si tu es sage, tu ne me presseras jamais de me marier, car je ne ferai jamais qu'un mariage inconvenant." "Speak lower," cries her father, in terror; "but luckily there is nothing but the river to overhear you." In this M. Moriaz is mistaken. The speech is overheard by Count Abel Larinski, who, upon the knowledge thus acquired, shapes a plan of action which it is impossible not to admire, even when the suspicion that the so-called Larinski is really the German Jew adventurer Samuel Brohl is fully confirmed. It shows perhaps no remarkable cleverness on his part to begin his attack through Mlle. Moiseney, lately governess, and now companion, to Mlle. Antoinette Moriaz. But in his next step there is not a little daring and discernment. Antoinette receives one day a splendid bouquet of rare Alpine flowers, accompanied by a note, in which is written the story of a man who, resolved to kill himself, was prevented by the song of a bird which perched near him. "I," the note goes on, "came to this valley disgusted with life, weary to death. I have seen you; I shall live. 'What is all this to me?' you will ask, and with reason, when you read these lines. My only excuse for writing them is that I shall soon be far from here, and that you will never see me or know who I am."

This happens at St. Moritz, and Antoinette has no clue to the authorship of the note; but Mlle. Moiseney cannot help thinking of the handsome stranger she has seen before, although she has

no reason to suppose he is anywhere near St. Moritz. Larinski's next feat is the result of infinite patience. M. Moriaz is in the habit of making mountain excursions, which are a little too much for his strength; and the adventurer, having long followed him unseen, at last finds him in a difficulty, from which, with much address and grace, he rescues him. This is the beginning of an acquaintance during which Larinski, or, to give him his right name, Brohl, step by step wins Antoinette's heart by his chivalrous sentiment and bearing. This, however, is not the greatest of Samuel Brohl's feats. When M. Moriaz has discovered that his daughter has made up her mind either to marry Larinski, although he has felt his position too keenly to ask her, or never to marry at all, he begs his old friend Mme. de Lorey, who is a thorough woman of the world, or, what is still more to the purpose, of Paris, to watch carefully the Count Abel Larinski, and to report her impressions to him. Mme. de Lorey is at first suspicious, but finally she too is deceived by the wonderful cleverness of Samuel Brohl; indeed the only person who refuses to believe him to be anything but a common adventurer is Camille Langis, who is of course prejudiced against him. So things go on all tending towards the marriage of Count Abel Larinski and Mlle. Antoinette Moriaz until the arrival on the scene of a certain Princess Gulof. On seeing her for the first time the Count is seized with a strange faintness, which he ascribes to the smell of the flowers in Mme. de Lorey's drawing-room. He recovers himself, takes the Princess into dinner, talks to her in a pleasant and airy strain dashed with romance, and by the end of dinner is certain that he has nothing to fear. But after dinner, in the middle of a conversation, she darts a viperish look at him, and murmurs, "Samuel Brohl, homme aux yeux verts, tôt ou tard les montagnes se rencontrent." Even after this, with all the Princess's desire to revenge herself for past wrongs by exposing the adventurer, she would fail but for the one mistake which is popularly supposed to be always found in the plans of a criminal. What that mistake is, how the Princess came to know Samuel Brohl's history, and what effect his discovery has upon Antoinette, readers may be left to discover for themselves. We may, however, without spoiling their interest in the story, call attention to the cleverness with which M. Cherbuliez makes Brohl act up to his assumed character, and leave the scene where he was so near obtaining triumph with a splendid theatrical effect. A less keenly observant writer would have made Brohl keep the bunk-notes which he demands as the price of silence. M. Cherbuliez completes an interesting, if unpleasant, study of character by making him destroy them and then demand satisfaction. M. Cherbuliez has not chosen a subject in itself very attractive for his story, but he has adorned it with so many touches of grace and humour, and relieved its ugly side so artfully, that *Samuel Brohl et Co.* may be safely recommended as an interesting and amusing novel.

#### SANDERS'S ANGLICAN SCHISM.\*

THE name and memory of Nicolas Sanders have experienced a kind of resurrection from a grave in which they have been buried for nearly three centuries. Ten or twelve years ago scarcely one in a hundred of fairly educated persons would have known anything about him; and his reappearance in the world of literature may be said to date from the time of the publication of the new edition of Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, issued from the Clarendon Press in 1865. The French translation of his work *de origine ac progressu Schismatis Anglicani* was, as we have shown formerly (see *Saturday Review* for October 3, 1868), the proximate cause of Burnet's writing his history, which has obtained so much larger a share of celebrity and popularity than the work it professed to answer; and the new edition of Burnet, which has so damaged the character of the author, and utterly blasted his reputation as an historian, has brought into prominence the name of the writer whom he so violently attacked. In reviewing the Latin edition of Sanders nine years ago, we expressed the hope that it would some time or other appear in an English translation. The present volume is due to the enterprise of a Roman Catholic bookseller, and the erudition of a convert from the Anglican to the Roman communion.

It is not our purpose now to review the work itself. In the article already referred to we have given our estimate of its value, and subsequent experience has, upon the whole, confirmed the opinion we there expressed that Sanders always narrates what he believes to be true, and that the mistakes he makes are in general not of much importance. The additions, however, which were made in the second edition were very clumsily inserted by his editor, Rishton, and the patching together of the parts written by Sanders with those for which Rishton is responsible has been a source of several mistakes. We believe this was pointed out by Le Grand in his *Défense de Sanders*. The first edition was published at Cologne in 1585, and the second, with a considerable number of additions, together with a few alterations and omissions, appeared in 1586, not as Mr. Lewis erroneously says in 1587, in which year there was no reprint of the work. We had hoped to find all this chronicled in Mr. Lewis's translation; but we have been disappointed in this as well

\* *Rise and Growth of the Anglican Schism.* By Nicolas Sanders, D.D., some time Fellow of New College, Oxford. Published A.D. 1585, with a Continuation of the History by the Rev. Edward Rishton, B.A., of Brasenose College, Oxford. Translated with Introduction and Notes by David Lewis, M.A. London: Burns & Oates. 1877.



as in some other points. The present edition can scarcely be called a critical one, though it has been copiously annotated and enriched by a valuable preface. Indeed the notes and the preface occupy much the larger portion of the book, which is extended to more than five hundred pages of octavo.

By far the most valuable part of the notes consists of long and interesting extracts from Harpsfield's *Narrative of the Divorce*, a work which at present exists only in MS., but which we are glad to learn is about to be issued by the Camden Society, as one of their publications for the year 1878. The great value of Harpsfield's treatise is owing to its being strictly contemporaneous with the events which its author describes; and, as he writes independently of Sanders, his testimony, when they agree, is sufficient to remove any doubt as to the trustworthiness of the later writer. Harpsfield is not himself always strictly correct as to what he details; but he bears an advantageous comparison with Sanders, who writes occasionally from hearsay and from memory. The story of Mrs. Cranmer's being carried about in a box is narrated by both these authors; and, as there is a third writer who tells the same story, and two of them refer to different occasions of the removal of the lady, one from Canterbury and one from Gravesend, the story must be pronounced to be as well authenticated as most facts of history. The extracts from Harpsfield are very numerous; indeed there is scarcely any part of the treatise dealing with facts which has been omitted, the greater part of Harpsfield's narrative being controversial, and treating of questions of law and divinity. In most of the other notes the translator has made, as was natural, great use of Mr. Brewer's *Calendar of State Papers* and of the *Records of the Reformation*, published at Oxford in 1870. The latter work has been of great service to him; because it has supplied so many documents which Burnet and Strype had not seen, or else, perhaps, were afraid to insert in their collections as telling too strongly against the views which they advocated.

The work is also enriched with a good index and a chronological table characteristically designated "Annals of the Schism," beginning with the birth of Cardinal Wolsey at Ipswich in 1471, and ending with the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, February 8, 1587. This table is of great use; but, looking at it critically, we regret that it was not made more exact. A little trouble would have enabled its compiler to add several events of more importance than some of the trivial ones he has inserted, and to particularize the day as well as the year on which certain transactions took place. The very first date ought to have had inserted the word *March* with a query; for, though the exact day of the Cardinal's birth cannot now be ascertained, Fulman's authority for the month may fairly be trusted. Again, William Knight, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, no doubt played an important part in the nefarious transactions instituted to bring about the divorce from Catharine of Aragon; yet it seems scarcely worth while to chronicle the dates of his successive promotions to a prebend at Lincoln and St. Paul's and Bangor, his being made Archdeacon of Chichester, &c. It would also have been worth while, if the first mission of Knight to the Pope was to be mentioned at all, that the date should have been made more particularly than September 1527. As Knight was at Compiègne on the 10th of September, he must have left London about the 6th or 7th; and the exact date is of some importance when it is remembered that he was charged with instructions drawn up in Wolsey's absence, and that he carried the celebrated dispensation which covered all possible objections that might be urged against the King's projected marriage with Anne Boleyn. We need not, however, have noticed these little blemishes were it not that they are of a piece with the rest of the execution of the work, which, in point of criticism, is a disappointment to us. Sanders has been so fiercely attacked, and so imperfectly defended, that we should have been glad to be informed by his editor how much is due to the original writer, and for how much we are indebted to Rishton. He ought, we think, to have noticed every variation from the edition of 1585 which appears in 1586 and the subsequent editions.

But though the translation is not a piece of critical value, it is nevertheless extremely useful; and we are glad that English readers should have an opportunity of learning what no other book in English professes to teach them, how entirely Zuinglian was the tone of the Reformation in Edward's time, and how Zuinglianism was to a certain extent superseded by the more pronounced Calvinism of the reign of Elizabeth. We trust it may be successful enough to reach a second edition, and that the defects of the present edition may be supplied. There are some corrections, also, which we should be glad to see introduced into the notes. There is no evidence to show that the editor has examined with any care the recently published volumes of *Records from Simancas*, and there are many indications that his reading has not been very extensive in other directions. It was the duty of an editor and translator of Sanders to point out where his author has fallen into an error. Not only has he not done this, but he has on one occasion quoted Harpsfield in illustration of Sanders, where both are wrong. The mistake occurs at p. 79, where both these writers conceal or ignore the part which Reginald Pole took at Paris in furthering the divorce. Pole himself in his published letters gives no sort of idea that he for a brief space of time threw himself heartily into the affair. And it is strange that Mr. Lewis, who actually refers to one of his letters, printed for the first time in the *Records of the Reformation* (i. 541), should have fallen in with the description given by both Sanders and Harpsfield, alleging that Pole does not seem to have

done anything more than inform the King of what the doctors of Paris had done. Is it possible that he overlooked the important letter which appears in the same collection (i. 563), in which Pole apologizes for the delay in sealing the conclusion of the divorce until July 7, which he says, "never could be obtained afore for any soliciting of our parte that were your agents here, which never ceased to labour all that lay in us, for the expedition of it, both with the primeyr president and with all such as we thought might in any part further or aid us therein." Sometimes also the editor refers to second-rate authorities when better evidence was at hand which would have saved him from some mistakes into which he has fallen. When he quotes Godwin as saying that Richard Pate was made Bishop of Worcester by the Pope in 1534, he might have referred to the Statutes of the realm and there have seen that the previous Bishop Ghinucci was not deprived till 1535, and that therefore there was no reason for his attempting to refute Godwin on the ground that Wharton is silent on the point. And if he had referred to Dr. Mazière Brady's valuable volumes on "the Episcopal Succession in England, Scotland, and Ireland, A.D. 1400 to 1875," he would have been enabled to specify the exact day, July 8, 1541, on which Pate was appointed to the see of Worcester, vacant by the death of Jerome Ghinucci.

We have as yet said but little of the Introduction, which extends to 137 pages. In it will be found a fair estimate of the part taken by Wolsey in the affair of the divorce, which we quite agree with Mr. Lewis was entirely indefensible. It does not perhaps fall in with Mr. Lewis's plan to criticize the life of the great Cardinal of York. For ourselves we may express our regret that an author who is obliged to speak as he thinks about conduct which cannot be explained away should have said nothing about the great qualities of the Cardinal, who, if it had not been for the last two years of his life, would have gone down to posterity as an instance of the greatest of Churchmen and statesmen, and with a moral character, comparatively at least, in his later years unblemished. That Thomas Winter, on whom he lavished so much preferment, was his son, has from that time to this been constantly asserted. But who will be bold enough to say that the paternity is proved?

In another part of his Introduction the author is still less fortunate. He has made an ineffectual attempt to prove that Anne Boleyn was Henry VIII.'s daughter. That Henry was guilty of incestuous intercourse with Anne, because of a previous connexion with Mary Boleyn, is proved beyond the possibility of dispute; but not only is the connexion with Lady Elizabeth Boleyn quite incapable of proof, but it is scarcely rendered probable even by the evidence which appears in the *Records of the Reformation* that it was so reported in 1533. And as the date of Anne Boleyn's birth is entirely uncertain, the evidence for her being the King's daughter must be admitted to be very slender. Such an imputation scarcely darkens the shade of colour which is an indelible stain upon Henry's name; but when the King virtually admitted his guilt with the sister, and denied that he had had anything to do with the mother, we may be content to rest in the verdict *not proven* as regards this latter charge. That such reports were in circulation at the time of the marriage may be allowed as evidence of the good faith of Sanders in detailing the story, which he probably fully believed, and most certainly ardently hoped, was true. For the rest, the story of the divorce is told in the Introduction with tolerable fairness, without much reference, however, to the venality of certain Cardinals of the Roman Church or the dissimulation and cowardice of his Holiness Pope Clement the Seventh.

#### JOHNSON'S FIRST PUBLICATION.\*

IT is certainly curious that the earliest prose work of one who for many years was the acknowledged head of the English literary world should never have had the honour of a second edition. Johnson did not, indeed, put his name to his translation of the Jesuit Jerome Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia*; for in the year 1735, when the book was published, his name would not have carried any weight. It was not till three years later that he brought out *London, A Poem*, and set every one asking who this new author was. Pope had been as curious as any one, and had asked Richardson, the son of the painter, to endeavour to find him out. On being informed that he had discovered only that his name was Johnson, and that he was some obscure man, Pope said, "He will soon be *déterré*." Though, as we have already said, Johnson's name does not appear in the book, yet he never made any secret of the fact that the translation was his. Hawkins says that he often acknowledged it for his own. Boswell writes:—"I called on him, and showed him as a curiosity which I had discovered his Translation of Lobo's Account of Abyssinia, which Sir J. Pringle had lent me, it being then little known as one of his works. He said, 'Take no notice of it, or 'Don't talk of it.' He seemed to think it beneath him, though done at six-and-twenty. I said to him, 'Your style, sir, is much improved since you translated this.' He answered, with a sort of triumphant smile, 'Sir, I hope it is.'" Both Hawkins and Boswell remark what few signs the translation bears of Johnson's style. Hawkins

\* *A Voyage to Abyssinia by Father Jerome Lobo, A Portuguese Jesuit. With a Continuation of the History of Abyssinia & Fifteen Dissertations on various Subjects relating to the History, Antiquities, &c. of Abyssinia & other Countries mentioned by Father Jerome Lobo. By Mr. Le Grand. From the French. London. Printed for A. Bettesworth & C. Hitch at the Red-Lyon in Paternoster-Row. MDCCXXXV.*

says, "Were we to rest our judgment on internal evidence, Johnson's claim to the title of translator of this work would be disputable; it has scarce a feature resembling him: the language is as simple and unornamented as John Bunyan's; the style is far from elegant, and sometimes it is not even correct. These circumstances, together with frequent mistakes and various orthography, would almost stagger our belief but that we have the authority of Johnson himself to rely on." The "mistakes and various orthography" are certainly frequent enough. We come across such passages as "asoon as he enter's," "ravenous Beasts, Monkey's, and Serpents," while the construction of the sentence is at times faulty. But such mistakes as these are fully accounted for by Boswell's statement. He says that Johnson did the greater part of the work when in one of his fits of "constitutional indolence." In fact, it was only by an appeal to his humanity that he was ever got to finish his task. His friend Hector reminded him that "the printer could have no other employment till this undertaking was finished, and that the poor man and his family were suffering. Johnson, upon this, exerted the powers of his mind, though his body was weak. He lay in bed with the book, which was a quarto, before him, and dictated while Hector wrote. Mr. Hector carried the sheets to the press, and corrected almost all the proof sheets, very few of which were even seen by Johnson." Boswell accounts for the absence of Johnson's style by the fact that the work is a translation. "I have perused the book, and have found that here, as I believe in every other translation, there is in the work itself no vestige of the translator's own style. But he does not seem to remember that in the preface Johnson says:—'In this Translation (if it may be so call'd) great Liberties have been taken, which, whether justifiable or not, shall be fairly confess'd, and let the Judicious part of Mankind pardon or condemn them. In the first part the greatest Freedom has been used in reducing the Narration into a narrow Compass, so that it is by no Means a Translation, but an Epitome, in which whether everything either useful or entertaining be comprised, the compiler is least qualified to determine.'" He goes on to add that the second and third parts much more approach exact translations. Now, however correct Boswell may be in what he says of the style of translations in general, it does not hold good, at all events with anything like the same force, in the case of an epitome. He quotes in support of his statement "the first sentence that occurs at the opening of the book." We cannot deny that he is right when he says "every one acquainted with Johnson's manner will be sensible that there is nothing of it here." Likely enough this first sentence is a literal translation. But what would he have said to such a passage as the following?—

But this Discovery was reserved for the invincible bravery of our noble countrymen (the Portuguese), who, not discouraged by the Dangers of a Navigation in Seas never explor'd before, have subdued Kingdoms and Empires, where the Greek and Roman Greatness, where the Names of *Cæsar* and *Alexander* were never heard of: Who first steer'd an European Ship into the Red-Sea through the Gulf of *Arabia*, and the Indian Ocean, who have demolish'd the airy Fabricks of renoun'd Hypotheses, and detected those Fables which the Ancients rather chose to invent of the Sources of the Nile than to confess their Ignorance. I cannot help suspending my Narration to reflect a little on the ridiculous Speculations of those swelling Philosophers, whose Arrogance would prescribe Laws to Nature, and subject those astonishing Effects which we behold daily, to their idle Reasonings, and chimerical Rules. Presumptuous Imagination! that has given being to such numbers of Books, and Patrons to so many various Opinions about the Overflows of the Nile.

Mr. Edmund Burke, unless we are very much mistaken, would have been as much delighted with this passage as he was with "the specimen" from the preface when he and Boswell examined the book together. Not one of the numerous editors of Boswell's Life, by the way, would seem to have taken the trouble to compare the quotations he gives from this preface with the original. In the four editions that we have examined (including Mr. Fitzgerald's reprint of the first) we find the following passage:—"Here are no Hottentots without religious policy, or articulate language." In the original the passage stands:—"Here are no Hottentots without Religion, Polity, or Articulate Language." There are one or two slighter errors besides. In spite, however, of occasional passages that may be found, there is no doubt that the bulk of the work could not be described as Johnsonian. Johnson had, we may easily believe, a plain narrative to translate; and, like a wise man, he translated it in a plain style. Goldsmith, indeed, said that if Johnson were to attempt to write the fable of the little fishes, he would make the little fishes talk like whales. In the book before us, at all events, he cannot be reproached with such a fault. Boswell, while praising the preface, says that in it "the Johnsonian style begins to appear." He adds—and he adds correctly—"that there are parts of it which exhibit his best manner in full vigour." The finest passages he quotes; but there are one or two other sentences which are full of vigour. In one place Johnson attacks "the Patriarch Oviedo's sanguinary Zeal, who was continually importuning the Portuguese to beat up their Drums for Missionaries, who might preach the Gospel with Swords in their Hands, and propagate by Desolation and Slaughter the true Worship of the God of Peace." He goes on to write:—

Let us suppose an Inhabitant of some remote and superior Region, yet unskill'd in the Ways of Men, having read and considered the Precepts of the Gospel, and the Example of our Saviour, to come down in Search of the True Church: If he would not enquire after it among the Cruel, the Insolent, and the Oppressive; among those who are continually grasping at Dominion over Souls as well as Bodies; among those who are employed in procuring to themselves impunity for the most enormous Villanies and studying methods of destroying their Fellow-creatures, not for their Crimes

but their Errors; if he would not expect to meet Benevolence engaged in Massacres, or to find Mercy in a Court of Inquisition, he would not look for the True Church in the Church of Rome.

Johnson, we must remember, was twenty-six when he wrote this preface, and he was but twenty-eight when he wrote the greater part of *Irene*. His *Life of Boerhaave*, which was written but four or five years after his *Voyage to Abyssinia*, shows all the merits of his style when at its best. At twenty-six we should expect to find the style of a great writer in good measure formed, however much he might in after years improve it by practice. In one of the passages quoted by Boswell occurs a line which is illustrated by a curious passage in Lobo's narrative. Johnson, while praising the honesty of the traveller, says:—

He appears by his modest and unaffected Narration to have described Things as he saw them, to have copied Nature from the Life, and to have consulted his Senses, not his Imagination. He meets with no Basilisks that destroy with their Eyes, his Crocodiles devour their Prey without Tears, and his Cataracts fall from the Rock without Deafening the Neighbouring Inhabitants.

It would seem to be the case that travellers often represented the people who lived near cataracts as deaf, for Lobo writes:—"The fall of this mighty Stream from so great an height makes a Noise that may be heard to a considerable Distance; but I could not observe that the neighbouring Inhabitants were at all Deaf, I conversed with several, and was as easily heard by them, as I heard them."

Johnson had read a French translation of Lobo's voyage when he was in residence at Oxford, and after he had left the University, "the book not being to be found in Birmingham, he borrowed it of Pembroke College." We have looked for this work with some curiosity through the shelves of that venerable library, where many memorials of the greatest of her sons are preserved, but we regret to say with no success. It may be that Johnson, who was careless as regards books, forgot to return it; or it may be that it was stolen by some collector, whose honesty was not equal to his admiration for "the great lexicographer." We should have expected, moreover, to find a copy of Johnson's translation; but if the library ever boasted of one, it has disappeared for many years. The copy we have used we picked up a year or two ago for a few shillings in a second-hand book-shop.

Apart from the interest that attaches to the book as connected with Johnson, it is, so far at least as Lobo's narrative goes, still worth reading. The fifteen dissertations which are added by the French translator, and which form more than half the volume, are, to our taste at least, very heavy reading. There are, however, some curious passages to be found in them. The fourth dissertation is on Prester-John, and the author begins by stating that "It hath been a long Dispute whether the meaning of the word Prester-John be Priest-John or Precious-John." In the eighth, that on Circumcision, the author, in a passion which no doubt loses nothing in Johnson's hands, exclaims, "See here Moses on one side, and Herodotus on the other! See here, the sacred Writings, the Inspirations of the Almighty, thrown into the Balance against the Fables of Heathen History! See here their Authority supposed of equal Weight, and their Testimonies cited with equal confidence!" In the passage we have quoted above, where Johnson attacks the cruelties of the Roman Catholic Church, he wrote, no doubt, with the fullest sincerity. Yet we can easily believe he was expressing what he, as well as the French author, felt, when, in the "Dissertation on the Errors of the Abyssins Relating to the Incarnation," he contemptuously wrote of some heretic, "One would imagine it scarce possible that he should carry his indifference with regard to so important a point of Religion so far, unless he were some Latitudinarian or Patron of Toleration." The readers of Boswell will remember his celebrated declaration to a clergyman who too readily acquiesced in his usual remark that the State has a right to regulate the religion of the people. "In short, Sir, I have got no further than this: every man has a right to utter what he thinks truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it. Martyrdom is the test." In the Dissertation on the Eucharist we read that, "if the Priest shall by Misfortune let one Particle of the Body, or one drop of the Blood fall to the ground, he is neither permitted to administer nor to receive the Sacrament for Forty Days, being obliged to Abstain during that space from the Use of fat Meats, to rise and make fifty Prostrations every Night." A convenient mode of confessing is described, which may be at least commended for its simplicity:—

Whereupon Confession, being found too heavy a Yoke, was neglected, and instead of throwing themselves at the Feet of a Priest, they had recourse to the Expedient of throwing Incense into a Censer with other Perfumes, and murmuring a few Words with their Mouths in the Smoke, and crying out *I have sinned*, believing themselves absolved by that Ceremony from all their Faults. This Superstition was called the Confession of the Censer.

If space allowed, we would willingly give some account of Father Lobo's Voyage, and of the courage which he and his fellow-Jesuits displayed in making their way, more than two centuries ago, into the very heart of Abyssinia, among a people who were as fiercely devoted to their superstitions as even the Jesuits were to those of Rome. We can readily believe him when he says that, on starting on their distant journey, "we took Leave of our Friends, as Men going to a speedy Death."



## THE SLAV VEDA.\*

WE called attention some time ago (*Saturday Review*, May 8, 1875) to M. Dozon's report on the popular poems collected by Mr. Verkovitch, a Bosnian Croat, among the Bulgarians inhabiting the mountainous districts of Macedonia and Thrace. But at that time we had not seen the volume now before us. Nor was it till long after the date which appears on its title-page that we were able to procure a copy of the first volume of *Le Veda Slave*. Having at length obtained one, we waited impatiently for the second volume, which promised to be yet more surprising than the first. We fear, however, that it is all but useless to wait any longer. Some account, in the meantime, of what has already appeared may perhaps not be devoid of interest.

About the authenticity of the poems collected by Mr. Verkovitch opinions at first differed. But now the questions at issue appear to be settled, a number of experts having decided against it, while no influential voice seems to have been raised in its favour. No doubt there are numerous and important remains of old poetry to be found among the Bulgarian dwellers in the Thracian and Macedonian highlands. And a well-authenticated collection of these poetic waifs and strays would be a valuable contribution to the stock of materials at the disposal of students of popular poetry in general and its Slavonic branch in particular. But a dubious collection of such poems is a sorry boon, for it is not only itself incapable of being turned to scientific account, but it brings discredit upon even trustworthy sources of information. The antiquary or mythologist who has once fallen into the snares of the forger is subsequently timorous about relying upon any relic of old times until its integrity has been placed beyond a doubt—a process which often requires a space of time most inconveniently long. No one appears to have suspected Mr. Verkovitch of having had a hand in the manipulation of the evidence which he has taken such pains to collect. M. Dozon, in his official reports to the French Minister of Public Instruction, speaks of him in the highest terms as an honest enthusiast incapable of fraud. But it was well known to the collectors whom he employed that he was anxious to find popular traditions which would confirm his ideas about the origin of the Slavs and their close connexion with the Hindus, and would fulfil his hopes of lighting upon local records of Orpheus and of Alexander. Those collectors appear to have gathered from the lips of the people a mass of genuine popular poetry, which would have been most welcome had it been laid before us in its crude state. But it seems to have been subjected to operations that render it difficult to tell which part is native and which foreign, how far we are dealing with an undoubted antique, and to what extent we are indebted to the hand of a contemporary copyist.

So long as we had only M. Dozon's reports to judge by, it was dangerous to speak with confidence, however decided our private opinions might be. But it is hard to conceive how any trained critic could read through the specimens of the "Slav Veda" which Mr. Verkovitch has made public without coming to the conclusion that they have been tampered with. Unfortunately for the further elucidation of the subject, the troubles which have recently befallen the countries in which Mr. Verkovitch's gleaners were at work have necessarily interrupted the completion of his task. Those of his texts which would be, one way or other, the most conclusive have not yet been published—such, for instance, as the "enormous" poem on "the birth of the God Vishnu," of the discovery of which he informed M. Dozon by letter in 1873. But there is enough in the first volume of the "Slav Veda" to carry conviction to most minds.

In a god called Vishnu M. Dozon refuses to believe, regarding the word not as a proper name, but as a mere epithet. "Vishnu," he says, "has absolutely nothing in common with the Vishnu of the Hindu *trimurti*; it is the adjective *vishtni*, a form which also presents itself, and which signifies the Very High. The epithet is equally applied to an angel." Now it is quite true that *vishtny* or *vishtni* is the superlative of *visok*, high.† But M. Dozon's view is evidently not accepted by either Mr. Verkovitch or his colleague and translator. For the one writes *Vishnu* (or *Vishnyu*) *Boga* in the nominative, and *Vishnu Bozhe* in the vocative, and the other always renders those words by "le Dieu Vichnou!" "O Dieu Vichnou!" It is safer to deal with what we really have before us than with what M. Dozon thinks we ought to have. Still clearer becomes the resemblance between the Bulgarian and the Hindu deity when we read the fragment of a poem about the birth of the God Vishnu which M. Dozon gives in his report. The Gods Koleda and Surina persuade the God Vishnu (or, according to M. Dozon, the God Most High) to descend to earth and be born there of the *Zlatna Maika*, or Golden Mother.

\* *Veda Slovena: Le Veda Slave; Chants populaires des Bulgares de Thrace et de Macédoine de l'époque préhistorique et préchrétienne*. Découverts et édités par Etienne J. Verkovitch. Vol. I. Belgrad. 1874.

† Morse, in his *English and Bulgarian Vocabulary* (Constantinople, 1860) writes *vishtny*. Bogorof, in his *Bulgarian-French Vocabulary* (Vienna, 1871) writes *vishtni*, "le Très-haut, haut," and "*vishten*, suprême." He gives a word *vishtni*, but it is rendered by "le gobet." In Old-Bulgarian or Old-Church-Slavonic the word was *vishtny* or *vishtny* (Leskien, *Handbuch der altslavischen Sprache* (Weimar, 1871). Dozon, however, in the vocabulary appended to his *Chansons populaires bulgares* (Paris, 1875), writes *visok* and *vishtni*, and his book contains a Bulgarian song of recent date, in which the "Moscovite Queen" says she fears neither Sultan nor vizier, but she does fear *vishtnygo Boga*, the most High God. In Sankof's *Grammatik der bulgarischen Sprache* (Wien, 1852), also, the word *hoch* is rendered by *visht*.

Otherwise the earth would have been destroyed by the angry Koleda and Surina. Here the epithet Most High or Supreme seems out of place, whereas Vishnu, if that be the name of the deity who becomes incarnate to save mankind, would merely be carrying on in Bulgarian mythology the part which Indian mythology makes him so often play. As Mr. Verkovitch was anxious to find links between Bulgarian and Hindu mythology; and as Surina or Surva is the sun-god, the Sanskrit *Sūrya*; and as in another Bulgarian Triad, or equivalent of the Hindu *Trimūrti*, there figures a god Brahme, utterly unknown to Slav mythology, but apparently akin to the Hindu Brahā, we may fairly assume that the Vishnu of the Slav Veda is closely connected with his Hindu namesake, and cannot justly be regarded as an anonymous "Very High" deity.

We will now turn to the God Koleda, who plays a leading part in these poems. There are current among the Slavs a number of songs, sung at the time of the winter solstice, which are known in many lands as *Kolyadki* or *Kolyada* (or *Koleda*) Songs. They are apparently of great antiquity; they are fragmentary and often unintelligible, but they seem to be relics of old heathen poetry to which a partially Christian sense has been imparted. The derivation of the word has puzzled Slav etymologists, of whom one deduces it from *kolo*, a wheel; another from *καλή ᾠδή*; while a third connects it with the *koloda*, or yule log, and a fourth with the name of the goddess Lada. But the most sensible explanation appears to be that which supposes the word to be a modification of the Latin *Calendæ*, the Greek form of which, current at Byzantium, was transferred to the Southern Slavs by means of the various apocryphal writings which exercised such an influence upon them soon after their acceptance of Christianity. Thus when Nicephorus Homologites, writing in the ninth century, inveighed against *καλανδολογία*, that word was rendered in the old Slavonic translation by *kolednik* or *kolyadnik*. And the *kormchaya kniga* of the year 1282, in forbidding Kolyadic rites, explains that "*kalandi* are the first days of each month, on which it is customary to offer sacrifices," &c. Christmas Eve was called in Old French *Chalendes*, in Provençal *Calendas*, and the yule log bore the name of *calendeau* at Marseilles, of *chalendai* in Dauphiny, says Jacob Grimm (D.M. 594), who adds that "the Slavs call the winter solstice *koleda*, Polish *koleda*, Russian *kolyada*, which answers to the Latin *calendæ* and the French *chalendes*," and that in South Germany the word *kaland* is linked with the idea of feasting, though not at Christmastide only. Some Slav mythologists, however, have imagined that there may have been a deity named Kolyada or Koleda. All previous investigators had failed in discovering any traces of his cult. It was reserved for Mr. Verkovitch's collector to find poems not only mentioning this supposed deity, but giving an account of his worship. Thus, in the poem on the ascent of Urfen (Orfen, Orpheus) into heaven, we read that—"The priest has entered the cavern, bearing a bright book, a bright book, a golden flute, that he may slay a victim for Koleda, may slay for him a *grevenitsa* bird, may gild his white beard." Now it is quite possible that references to pagan worship may exist in the songs of the people to whom Mr. Verkovitch attributes the preservation of the Slav Vedas. But these references would in all probability be as hazy and unintelligible as are the similar relics of antiquity which are to be found among other Slavs, in which there are no distinct pictures of heathen worship, no allusions to such Triads as that of Vishnu, Koleda, and Surina.

For our own part, we have no doubt that these poems, although founded upon genuine traditions preserved by the Thracian and Macedonian mountaineers, owe so much to the imagination of some of their reporters or transcribers that they are, in their present form, absolutely worthless. The first volume of Mr. Verkovitch's work contains fifteen poems, comprising nearly eight thousand lines—the Bulgarian texts being given, together with French translations—and dealing with six themes—the migration of a presumably Slav prehistoric people, the marriage of the sun with the maiden Vulcana, the wedding of the King Talatine and his combat with a seven-headed and three-tailed dragon, and the birth and the marriage of the hero whom Mr. Verkovitch identifies with Orpheus: the Orfen, Urfen, Forlen, or Furklen, whose magic flute causes mountains to dance, and dragons to roll as though intoxicated upon the ground, and thereby enables his bride to escape from the gloomy prison in which she has long been confined. The succeeding volumes, if the Eastern troubles will allow them to see the light, are to contain "the other mythic songs, and those of the Macedonian and Bulgarian epochs." We shall be happy to reconsider our judgment after perusing their contents.

Meanwhile it may be as well to collect a few of the opinions expressed about them by various Slavonic scholars. M. Alexandre Chodzko accepts them with enthusiasm. But we have not met with any other testimony in their favour. M. Louis Leger utterly and indignantly repudiates them, having been the first to call attention to their want of trustworthiness. Constantine Jireček, in his *Geschichte der Bulgaren*, gives his reasons in detail for believing that "these 'Vedas' were never sung by the people," and that "this discovery must be regarded as a literary mystification, in the light of which it is regarded even in Bulgaria." To this effect Joseph Jireček had already spoken at a meeting of the Bohemian Academy of Sciences on December 17, 1874. Still more severe is the judgment pronounced by Professor Jagić, who fills the Chair of Slavonic Literature in the University of Berlin, and is one of the best authorities on South-Slavonic languages and

literatures. In few Slavonic circles, indeed, have these poems been well received, although most critics seem to think that Mr. Verkovich has been to blame only so far as a too great readiness is concerned to part with sterling coin in exchange for very doubtful verse, and to give publicity to his purchase. On the whole there is little excuse for indulgence in a belief that among the rocky fastnesses of Thrace and Macedonia there are still existing echoes of such old songs as may in ancient days have preserved the laments of an Orpheus melodiously asking what he could do without Eurydice, or have sung the praises of an Alexander the Great scouring the world on the back of that Bucephalus which, as we were not long ago informed on spiritual authority, has "never ceased to take an interest in literature."

#### SOUTH BY EAST.\*

"SOME time before smallpox was extirpated," writes Professor Teufelsdröckh, "there came a new malady of the spiritual sort on Europe; I mean the epidemic, now endemic, of view-hunting. Poets of old date, being privileged with sense, had also enjoyed external nature, but chiefly as we enjoy the crystal cup which holds good or bad liquor for us—that is to say, in silence or with slight incidental commentary. Never, as I compute, till after the *Sorrows of Werter* was there man found who could say—Come, let us make a Description!"—with more of a like kind. There are, however, besides the influence of a literary epidemic, many reasons which tend more and more to bring books of travel, and the travellers themselves, within the category of view-hunting. The older travellers' tales arose under different conditions. Those who told them had deliberately adopted a career different from the lives of common men; their adventures were, as adventures, real enough to dispense with the accessories of style and description. A plain, unvarnished tale of what they saw was the more likely to get credence, and, if it got credence, was sure of a hearing. But in these days there is no longer any hunting-ground left for the imagination throughout the whole world. Now that the antres vast and deserts idle have become too familiar to our thoughts, that the anthropophagi can scarce excite so much as a shudder, and the strange sights which ancient travellers were permitted to see are seen no longer, it becomes necessary for the traveller to make his capital out of the more familiar beauties of nature in her common dress, and this he can only do by a "description." It may be a poor thing to descend from the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders to the mere naturalness of Western primeval forests and ice-bound shores or sunny Southern bays; but the whirligig of time has left us no choice. We are not disposed to quarrel with descriptions because the places described lie within the reach of most of us; for the power of writing them does not lie within the reach of most. But then it should not be forgotten that this sort of view-hunting makes its own peculiar demands, which it would be absurd to confound with those made by the adventurous sort of travelling.

There is nothing nowadays in having been to Rome, or Syracuse, or Athens. But we can be well content to wander through the Imperial city with an artist such as the author of *Roba di Roma*, to whom long residence has made all its stones and crannies as familiar as St. James's Street or Pall Mall to a Londoner; to ramble in Greece with a writer who knows its ancient life as well as Professor Mahaffy knows it, or, still better, with the accomplished student of the "Greek Poets." The author of these *Notes of Travel in Southern Europe*, however, presents no such especial qualifications. The pursuits of "the Science Master in Marlborough College" would not, one may suppose, naturally adapt his mind to the beauties of classic lands; nor does Mr. Rodwell's knowledge of the places he has visited make any just claim upon the reader's attention. At best he appears in the light of what Mr. Carlyle might describe as a "sensible wide-eyed Professor" (not of the Teufelsdröckh order) making the most of a vacation tour. We do not mean to confine Mr. Rodwell's experience within the cycle of a single vacation; but we certainly think that there is nothing in his book which might not have been learned within a period of three months' travel. As it is, the book is not so much either good or bad—it is nought. Almost the best praise we can give it is to say that, though outwardly a stout and handsome volume, it does not contain, owing to the size of the letterpress and the pictures—only tolerable pictures—which are scattered liberally throughout, half as much reading as might be feared.

This may recommend *South by East* to a certain class of tourists. It might—setting aside its size and shape, which are far from handy—be accounted a good handy book to Italy and Greece. For ourselves, and from a purely literary point of view, we cannot say that the Cook-like celerity with which we were dragged from place to place, and the masses of unarranged information, as of an ill-digested breakfast, which we had to carry *en route*, presented any charm. We enter Italy at p. 10, and devote four pages to Genoa, and these pages are really very short ones. Chapter II., some ten pages in length, is given to Milan; Chapter III. to Verona, Padua, Venice; Chapter IV. to Bologna, Florence, Pisa; and so on to Rome, of which it would be hard to say anything which had not been said before. Mr. Rodwell, moreover, has a peculiar faculty for saying things which have been said before. There is no doubt a good deal of what is called informa-

tion in the book; but, whether from a fault of style, or because this is really the case, it all has the appearance of being got up at very short notice. At times he displays a very absurd pedantry; as when, in the chapter on Syracuse, he comes to the river Anapus, and says:—

The Anapus is now a mere streamlet, not so large as the Wiltshire Kennet in dry weather, and it could never have been much, if, indeed, it were at all, larger than it is now. It is curious, therefore, to find it described by Theocritus as μέγαν ποταμόν (Idyll I. l. 69), and more curious to find this translated the "broad stream of Anapus," by Banks; and again, "broad Anapus," by Chapman. Edwards in his Latin translation of Theocritus (1779) has translated it *magnum flumen*.

Now, on what authority Mr. Rodwell asserts that Anapus could never have been much larger than when he saw it, we cannot say. We know, however, that it flows towards its mouth through flat and marshy lands, forming at times considerable pools or lakes, one of which, under the name of the Lysimelian, is, unless we are mistaken, mentioned by Thucydides in his Seventh Book. If, however, the stream is and has been always a narrow one, it is certainly odd that Theocritus should speak of it as μέγαν ποταμόν; but having done so, there is surely nothing strange in the fact that his translators rendered his words in their right meaning, whether by "broad stream," "broad Anapus," or "magnum flumen." Why, then, introduce these three identical versions of a very simple expression, unless it were to show the erudition of the writer? Why, too, does he sever all connexion between the names of Dionysius and of his "patron god" by insisting upon the severely classical Dionusos for the latter, while the name of Dionysius is presented in its usual form? The most rigid purists are agreed that our *y* is quite as fit a representative for *upsilon* as the English *u*.

From Rome to Naples the narrative proceeds somewhat more leisurely, and not only turns aside to visit the monastery of Monte Cassino, but likewise deviates strangely in the mental way from the homeliest of prose into a long and obscure monologue in blank verse, mis-called "A conversation in the garden of Monte Cassino," wherein a philosophic pagan attempts to tell "a holy father of St. Benedict" how to obtain the Summum Bonum of our reasoning life. After explaining that

The course of pure philosophy  
Is as a devious path all rough with mounds  
Which have been raised by mortals in fond hope  
Of seeing further,

he gives a detailed description of these mounds, of which the following extract may serve as a sample:—

Cartesius' mound is very broad and flat;  
No name is seen upon it, but below  
A broken slab repeats the vanished theme  
*Cogito ergo sum*. Let us pass on.  
On Leibnitz' hill we still are feign to find  
The famous fishponds; far more lasting they  
Than the crude argument which they evoked.  
The mound of Berkeley is of solid rock,  
Of substance most material; he said  
It lacked a real existence, a perception,  
Subjective phenomenon, an idea.  
But it remains conspicuous from afar.  
While his poor frame so quick, so sensible,  
Has crumbled out of objectivity.

We waited with some impatience—or it might be more correct to say, with some patience—until our author should have brought us into Sicily; for here the ways, though familiar enough, are not so trite as those of the mainland. There is surely in the history of Syracuse that which would strike some show of fire from the tamest writer, and spur him on to a description better than a mere catalogue. Nowhere out of Hellas do we find such bright prismatic Hellenic life as here. The memories of Syracuse do not, as writers like Mr. Rodwell seem to think, cluster only about the time of The Great Siege. That is a well-worn theme, which it would perhaps be dangerous to handle; but no half-century's history of any other Greek city touches more interests than the fifty years which include and follow the siege. It seems just at that time to join on in a strange way with the past and the future of European history. If, by the great defeat of the besieging Athenians, we see the first blow struck towards the fall of Athens, and, with Athens, morally and intellectually the fall of Greece, the rise of the elder Dionysius and his victory over Imilkon shows us once more the dark cloud of Punic invasion rising from the South to threaten the shores of Italy. The tyrant's mercenary bands of Gauls remind us how these were still a great power in Northern Italy, how they had recently sacked Rome, which was scarcely yet *sera rubens* when the star of Greece was already on the wane. For we cannot compare the mere military successes of Alexander with the intellectual greatness of the age of Pericles. Then, later on, there is the story of the rescue of Syracuse by Timoleon, as Plutarch tells it, perhaps the most spiritual in the long gallery of pictures of Greek patriotism. The memories of these things still haunt the cities and bays of Sicily. They do not haunt the pages of Mr. Rodwell. He refers to the siege of Syracuse, of course; everybody refers to it—everybody, the guide-books included—but without animation or interest. It is true that the best-written passage in the book is to be found here, but that is a quotation from Mr. Symonds' *Sketches in Italy and Greece*. If, on the other hand, Mr. Rodwell's interest lay rather in philosophy, as by his verses about the Summum Bonum he may desire us to suppose, he might have had something to say of Plato or of the Pythagorean school of Magna Græcia. But, in fact, he seems to have no especial line, nothing which lifts him above the level of the commonplace.

\* *South by East: Notes of Travel in Southern Europe*. By G. F. Rodwell, Science Master in Marlborough College. London and Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co.



The reader will not care to follow the author of *South by East* to Athens, and thence, for a page or two, to Cairo, and the Pyramids. It is, in fact, impossible that a good book could be written upon the principle on which the author of this one has set to work. Nor can we accept as an excuse the half-apologetic avowal of the preface. It may be quite true that "these chapters are literally what they profess to be, *Notes of Travel*, often desultory, but I hope seldom inaccurate." It is conceivable that notes put together in this way may be worth printing "in our weekly paper the *Marlburian*," and other places; but there is no manner of excuse for collecting them into a volume.

#### THE HONOURABLE MISS FERRARD.\*

THERE was much that was clever in the author's earlier novel of *Hogan, M.P.*, but there can be no question that *The Honourable Miss Ferrard* shows a very distinct advance on its predecessor. There can hardly be said to be a plot, or, if there be, it is slight to the extreme of simplicity; but the story, so far as it goes, is both interesting and artistically put together. Even in *The Honourable Miss Ferrard* there is still rather too much of Hibernian politics; and we must strongly protest against being induced, under the disguise of fiction, to swallow boluses of didactic disquisition done up in dialogues that begin inoffensively. But in the present volume such dialogues are rare, and may easily be recognized, and if necessary avoided; since the author, who seems both moderate and impartial in his views, is content generally to do his teaching incidentally, casting it into narrative shape. And, far from objecting to information so conveyed, we are ready to be grateful for it when our instructor is so capable as in the present instance. Ireland will always be a complication of social and political problems to the casual English visitor, who must really be a foreigner and stranger in a very strange land indeed. Between the suspicion with which he is regarded and the voluble civility with which he is welcomed, the shrewdest and most inquisitive tourist is more likely to come home mystified than enlightened by the facts that will be copiously supplied for his note-book, and the conflicting views that will be fervidly impressed upon him. Ireland is no longer the Ireland of Lever's rollicking juvenile novels. Duelling pistols, notched in the stock by way of noting the number of deaths that are due to them, have been laid away among family heirlooms; and it is no longer open to gentlemen in embarrassed circumstances to fortify themselves in some isolated stronghold in their bogs, bidding defiance to their Dublin creditors and the armed servants of the law. But there are still, as we doubt not, traces to be found of the old state of things which seemed so anomalous to English ideas, and the cautious critic hesitates to pronounce any Irish picture either impossible or overcoloured.

Consequently the Darraghmores, of which ancient and dilapidated house the Honourable Miss Ferrard was the only daughter, may actually have their counterparts at the present day. Certainly the whole of the family, and specially Miss Helena herself, are drawn with power and decided originality. There had been nothing any way exceptional in his lordship's early career. Like a fine old Irish gentleman, he had run through the curtailed rentroll that remained to him by the help of horses, hounds, and open house-keeping, till he saw the fires gradually die out upon his hearths and his diminished acres pass into the hands of upstarts. But anywhere out of his native country the way in which he passed his declining years would have been well-nigh impossible and inconceivable. An income of 400*l.* a year has been saved to him, which he either anticipates or flings away as fast as he receives it, leaving himself on the brink of destitution through the rest of each term. He shifts his successive abodes as local liabilities become pressing, yet in each fresh place of residence he finds new resources of credit, thanks to his being come of "a good old stock." It seems strange that the country tradespeople who, in spite of the national habits of profusion, look so exceedingly close to the main chance, should have shown themselves so confidently ready to accommodate him. The more so that its questionable reputation must always have preceded the noble family; for, in fact, on our side of the Channel its head would have been infallibly involved in criminal prosecutions. The noble Darraghmores behave more like a tribe of Red Indians than a family of long-descended gentlefolks. They have scarcely a suit of clothes to change for those they wear on their backs, and the rest of their personal belongings have been brought down to a minimum. Their stealthy flittings strongly resemble what is familiarly known as "shooting the moon"; they scatter simultaneously with bag and baggage to re-unite at the rallying-place they have agreed upon beforehand. The elder sons of the house have gone abroad to better their fortunes, and have entered into the service of foreign armies; the younger sons, who have not yet taken flight, pass their time chiefly in poaching expeditions which replenish the spit and the larder. It is easy to conceive the nature of the up-bringing of a young lady who has been thrown among such unfavourable surroundings. It is highly creditable to the skill of the author that he should have made his heroine at once attractive and natural. He brings the faults of her neglected education into the boldest relief. He by no means slurs over the unpleasant vices of her nature, such as a tendency to shy sullenness and to the wild outbreaks of a wayward temper. Yet we can easily understand how Mr. Satterthwaite, a sensible and very

agreeable English gentleman, should have glided insensibly into a passionate attachment to her. Helena is beautiful of course, and has graces of bearing and a nobility of manner which rough companionships have not been able to efface. But the fierce-spirited hoyden who follows her savage brothers in their lawless expeditions, and who half resents the advances of an educated stranger like a surly and distrustful lurcher, shows from the first the signs of those loftier virtues which subsequently develop themselves under the teachings of adversity. At one time we had imagined that it was intended to reclaim her. Absolutely mistress of her actions as she always has been, she resolves on accepting the offer of two well-to-do maiden aunts, who invite her to England with the idea of adopting her. Perhaps the most entertaining passages of the book—and they are by no means destitute of touches of pathos—are those which describe her visit to her aunts at Bath. But the experiment comes to an untimely end. The wild Irish girl is not unsusceptible to the charms of the soft raiment that astounds her at first, and to the pleasures of luxurious living, with no care for the morrow. Nay more, the gentleness of the elder of her aunts wins upon her natural affectionateness of disposition; but she is ruffled by the prim propriety of the other, and the sense of homesickness grows overpowering as she beats herself against the gilded wires of her cage. She makes her arrangements for flight with characteristic decision, and the runaway breathes freely again for the first time during her exile when she finds herself safe from pursuit on the deck of the Irish steamer.

After she has rejected so fair a chance of reclamation, we give her up thenceforth as irreclaimable. But as the child becomes a maiden, and grows almost into a woman, love influences come into play. She turns away from her father and from her brothers, who, with a single exception, have but slight sympathy with her, to the handsome Jim Devereux, the son of a substantial farmer, who has started farming in a homestead of his own. The friendless and reckless young lady begins by making a friend of "Jim," who is far too much of a gentleman by his instincts to take a base advantage of her frank confidence. But he does not carry self-restraint so far as to refrain from falling desperately in love with her, and indeed, in the state of her family's fortunes, the match would be in some respects not unsuitable for her. The objections are more likely to come from the side of the Devereux, for neither a noble name nor purity of blood can reconcile them to the entire want of a portion. Consequently, when the lovers plight their troth, the engagement is kept a close secret. But meanwhile Mr. Satterthwaite has come upon the scene, and, had he been more quick to realize his feelings and wishes, all might have been changed. Helena, who has monopolized the prudence of the Darraghmore household, and managed its pecuniary affairs so far as management was practicable, is by no means insensible to the advantages of a wealthy establishment. She delights in horses, and Satterthwaite can mount her magnificently; his manners and habits of thought are far superior to anything to which she has been accustomed, except on that flying visit to her aunts; and she is agreeably conscious of the flattery implied in his evident admiration. Undoubtedly she is engaged to Devereux; she has persuaded herself that she is in love with him, and she is not a girl who is likely to go back on her word. Yet the author contrives almost to the last to leave us in some uncertainty as to what may be her ultimate lot. For, though Devereux has many good qualities, he is neither over refined nor excessively sensitive. We cannot help feeling that Helena was born to grace a far higher position; it seems hard that, being so young and presumably flexible if a devoted lover were to take her in hand, she should be destined to sink finally out of her natural sphere; and it seems possible that, if she weds the young farmer in haste, she may bitterly repent the connexion at leisure. The more so if, as we cannot help surmising, she begins vaguely to apprehend already that a gentleman like Satterthwaite would be more congenial to her. It is contrary, moreover, to the conventionalities of fiction that Satterthwaite, who is an excellent fellow and genuinely disinterested, should be thrown over at the close of the book and left the victim of a hopeless attachment. How Miss Ferrard decides we may leave our readers to find out. Yet possibly we give them the clue to her choice, while paying at the same time a high compliment to the author, if we say that we should be happy were he to give us a continuation of his novel, containing the sequel of her fortunes and the story of her wedded life.

Some of the minor characters are clever; especially the venerable Cawth, the sole domestic of the Darraghmore family, who has clung to them throughout their downward career; who shares the "bite and sup" that is going among them, on a footing of easy equality; who blends devotion and selfishness in proportions which it is impossible to analyse; and who ekes out irregularly paid wages and rough fare by snarling and grumbling at her employers and abusing them to her heart's content. Drawn to the life, as we should imagine, is Mr. Perry, the lawyer of the little town, shrewd in his own particular department, unsophisticated as a child in every other; vain, blustering, and pretentious, ready to flatter or bully as it serves his interests; a tyrant in his home, and essentially coarse-minded, yet capable on the spur of the moment of a really liberal action, which he commits more shamefacedly than if he were perpetrating a felony. We must observe that the author of *Miss Ferrard*, as in his *Hogan, M.P.*, represents the interiors of all Irish households of the middle classes as repulsive in the extreme. There is a total absence of the refinements of life, and almost of the ordinary decent observances of society. There is an innate vulgarity of thought, with an atmosphere of transparent pretension; and did the inmates know more of that outer world of

\* *The Honourable Miss Ferrard*. By the Author of "*Hogan, M.P.*" London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1877.

which they are of course in utter ignorance, we could believe them sincere in asserting, as they invariably do, that England is the only country worth living in. We may call attention likewise to the light that is thrown on the position of the priests, and the contributions they are in the habit of levying on the superstition of parishioners who are often recalcitrant and almost always resentful. The author may possibly do injustice to the Roman Catholic clergy as a body; but we can hardly doubt that the more startling of his assertions must be founded on facts and on particular instances. His novel is to be recommended as doubly worth reading, for its pictures of Irish manners are as entertaining as the story itself.

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